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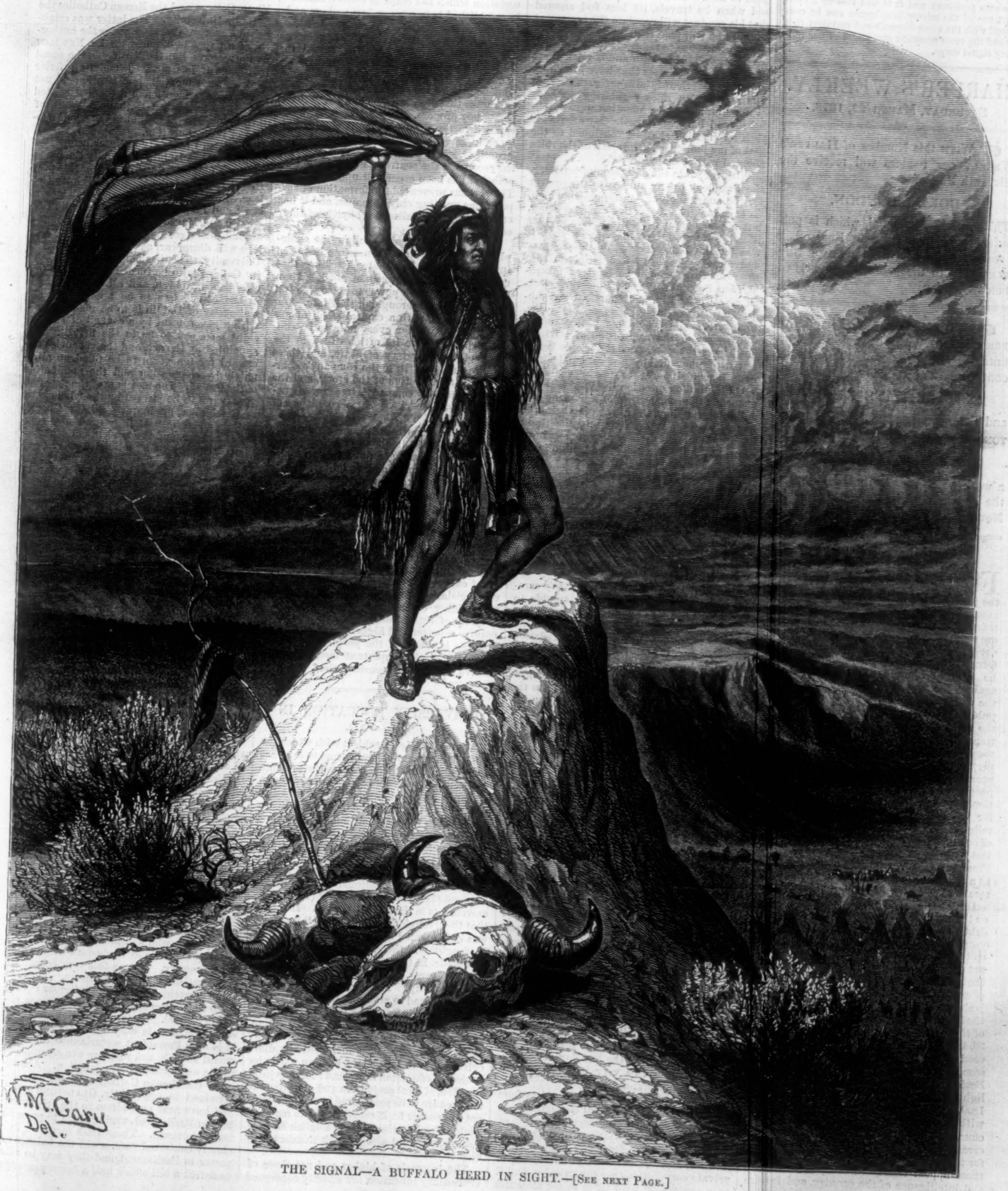

THE SIGNAL—A BUFFALO HERD IN SIGHT.—[See next Page.]

THE SIGNAL.

OUR illustration on the preceding page shows one of the methods used by the Indians to give notice of the vicinity of game. The camp, it will be seen, is in a sheltered spot at the foot of high cliffs, on the summit of which is the signal station. Here the look-out stands, where his eye commands a vast range of territory. As soon as his keen vision detects the approach of a herd of buffaloes he gives notice of the fact to his comrades below, and by certain motions indicates the direction from which the game is coming. At once all is bustle and activity in the camp, and in a few minutes the hunters are on their ponies and out in pursuit.

Another method of signaling is also extensively employed on the plains, not so picturesque as this, but still more effective. Instead of wildly gesticulating with his arms or waving his blanket, the sentinel uses a small looking-glass, the reflection of which can be seen at a great distance. With this he can silently give warning of the approach of game, or of a hostile party, without attracting notice or revealing his own position: and it is said that by an expert use of the mirror intelligence can be conveyed with the same dispatch and certainty that attend the more scientific operations of our military signal corps.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873.

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THE SECOND TERM.

FOUR years of uninterrupted national prosperity, of steady improvement in the financial condition of the country, of the most gratifying progress toward permanent reform in all branches of the civil service, are some of the many cheering auspices under which the President begins his second term of office. In his first inaugural address he pledged himself to enforce no policy against the will of the people; to protect the validity of the national obligation to the public creditor; to a "faithful collection of the revenue, and the greatest practical retrenchment in expenditure in every department of government." In the difficult and perplexing matter of reconstruction he promised to urge the representatives of the people to lay aside "prejudice, hate, or sectional pride," while enforcing a just regard for "security of person, property, and for religious and political opinion in every part of our common country." The history of the last four years furnishes ample proof of the President's fidelity to these pledges. Take, as a striking illustration, the financial progress of the country under his administration.

During the Presidential term which closed on the 4th of March $368,000,000 of the public debt were canceled; and while for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1869, the interest charge on the debt amounted to $131,000,000, it will not exceed for the year ending June 30, 1873, the sum of $107,000,000. The steady progress of retrenchment in government expenditures is shown by the fact that while, exclusive of the interest on the debt, the general expenses of the government for the year ending June 30, 1869, were $190,500,000, they will not exceed for the year ending June 30, 1873, the sum of $153,500,000—a saving of $37,000,000. Besides this, the burden of taxation has been lightened, as compared with the rates of 1869, to the extent of $170,000,000 a year, without impairing the elasticity of the revenue, which, from $371,000,000 in 1869, has increased to the estimated total of $420,000,000 for the present year. Substantial facts like these appeal clearly to the practical sense and intelligence of the country, and inspire full confidence in the President's declaration that his "best efforts will be given in the same direction in the future."

On the great questions which during the last four years have come prominently before the public—that of securing for the colored citizen all the rights belonging to citizenship, that of civil service reform, that of the extension of territory, and that of the policy to be pursued toward the Indians—the President, in his second inaugural address, briefly indicates his position. With reference to the first he says: "The effects of the late civil strife have been to free the slave and make him a citizen, yet he is not possessed of the civil rights which citizenship should carry with it. This is wrong, and should be corrected. To this correction I stand committed so far as executive influence can avail. Social equality is not a subject to be legislated upon, nor shall I ask that any thing be done to advance the social status of the colored man, except to give him a fair chance to develop what there is good in him. Give him access to schools; and when he travels, let him feel assured that his conduct will regulate the treatment and fare he will receive."

With reference to reform in the civil service he says: "It has been and is my earnest desire to correct abuses that have grown up in the civil service of the country. To secure this reformation rules regulating methods of appointment and promotion were established and have been tried. My efforts for such reformation shall be continued to the best of my judgment. The spirit of the rules adopted will be maintained."

With regard to the extension of territory, the President briefly alludes to the project for the annexation of San Domingo, which, he says, was not a question of his seeking, but a proposition from the people of that island. He reiterates his opinion that it was for the best interests of this country and for the people of San Domingo that the proposition should be received favorably, but he adds: "It was, however, rejected constitutionally, and therefore the subject was never brought up again by me. In future, while I hold my present office, the subject of the acquisition of territory must have the support of the people before I will recommend any proposition looking to such acquisition."

On the Indian question the President recommends the continuance of a humane and enlightened policy, the alternative being, as he justly says, a war of extermination; and he pledges himself to the support of measures to bring the Indians under the benign influence of education and civilization.

As a whole, the address is thoroughly in accord with the national policy so emphatically indorsed by the people in the re-election of General GRANT, and as such will command popular approval and support.

SPECIAL LEGISLATION.

IT can not escape the notice of any careful observer who will take the trouble to peruse the history of a single session of our national Congress, or of any one of our State Legislatures, that our method of legislation is far from perfect. There is needless confusion and great waste of time, for the simple reason that insufficient attention is given to a subject before it is presented in the form of a bill. It often happens that an important measure—like the Geneva Award bill—originates in each House of Congress, in a separate form and with a different intent in each, and on this account fails of its final passage. In some cases where such a difference occurs a compromise made by a conference committee is reported and passed. If there had been some understanding beforehand between the two Houses, a much better measure than the compromise would have been presented at the outset, and much valuable time would have been saved. From lack of method, and from needless waste of time in the discussion of comparatively trivial measures, the most important bills are deferred until the closing hours of the session. Thus we have hasty and ill-considered legislation; and this haste alone throws discredit upon measures which are passed, however judicious and honorable they might have seemed if they had received a calmer consideration. Thus no reasonable blame could rest upon the measure for advancing the salaries of Congressmen to such an extent as would allow of their meeting the expenses incident to their official and social position. But a measure of this character, hurriedly passed on the last day of the session, has from this very circumstance an awkward appearance.

The main difficulty, however, arises from a needless burden of special legislation. In our State Legislatures a large proportion of every session is occupied with bills which are utterly remote from any large popular interest, and in which only individuals or private corporations are concerned. And it is in connection with these minor measures that outside pressure is brought to bear upon our law-makers. The lobbyists find here their opportunity, and they have certain means of making their special interests outweigh those of the people at large. Carefully considered general laws would not only simplify and economize legislation, but would purify our Legislatures by excluding the lobby.

This restriction of legislation can only be perfectly secured by constitutional limitation. Accordingly the Constitutional Commission of New York has incorporated in its plan of revision an article excluding certain subjects from legislation. Among these are laws regulating the internal affairs of towns and counties, constituting boards of supervisors and grand and petit juries, granting railroad charters, giving private corporations special franchises or immunities. General laws are to be enacted providing for all these cases.

The benefits of such restriction would be especially apparent in breaking up the association which has come to be so intimately established between our law-makers and railroad corporations. The experiment has been successfully tried in Massachusetts. The General Railroad law was passed in 1872. Under its provisions any twenty-five persons are free to construct a railroad any where, provided only they first give a money guarantee that they are able and ready to do what they propose. It was urged by those opposed to the measure that it would lead to reckless and unnecessary railroad constructions. But this has not proved to be the case. On the contrary, not a single corporation has been organized under the law. The law has prevented the formation of corporations existing only on paper, and it has entirely deprived railroad lobbyists of their occupation.

New Jersey proposes to follow the example of Massachusetts. A measure has been introduced into the Senate providing that companies may be formed, of not less than fifteen persons, with power to construct and operate railroads throughout the State. Any such company, with a capital stock of not less than $20,000 for every mile to be constructed, may have its articles filed in the office of the Secretary of State, and these articles shall constitute the company's charter. The subscription of the stock, and the payment into the company's treasury of one-half thereof, are made essential conditions of incorporation. This law compels the company wherever its railroad crosses a public highway to build it above or below grade, and restricts passenger fares to two and a half cents per mile, and freight tariffs to three cents per ton for first-class freight, and two cents for all other kinds. A similar bill, originating in the Assembly, has been passed unanimously by that body.

The exclusion of special legislation, by destroying the entangling alliances between politicians and corporations, which have not only controlled and operated, but even to a great extent determined the constitution of our legislative bodies, will lead ultimately to a higher order of statesmanship. The subjects of legislation, being enlarged, will require a better and higher order of talent, and the interests of the people, in connection with vitally important measures, will receive an adequate consideration.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

THE most difficult subject with which the present English ministry has had to deal has been that of education. A powerful pressure has been of late years brought to bear upon Parliament against the continuance, in any form, of the union of church and state. In obedience to this popular impulse, as well as from a sense of justice, the Irish Church has been disestablished, and now Mr. MIALL and his friends are vigorously moving for the disestablishment of the English and Scotch Churches. The educational enactments for England (1870) and for Scotland (1872) were movements in the same direction. It is true that the "religious difficulty," as it is called, was only handed over to the local boards to be fought out there, but a great advance was made, in that, by the very constitution of these boards, the ecclesiastical ascendency was broken up. The local excitements will in the end lead to an absolute secularization of education, in so far as it is controlled by the state. The fact that this secularization has not been perfectly accomplished in England and Scotland has increased the difficulties now to be met in dealing with the subject of education in Ireland; for, it is justly asked, if local prejudices and sectarian influences are to be considered in one case, why not in another? If concessions are made to Scotch Presbyterians and to English Episcopalians, why not also to Irish Roman Catholics?

The interests of higher and not those of elementary education are directly concerned in the bill which Mr. GLADSTONE has recently brought before the House of Commons. But, as Mr. GLADSTONE remarked, the course which Parliament might take as to universities would do much toward determining subsequent measures as to preparatory and intermediate schools.

First among the Irish universities is the University of Dublin associated with Trinity College. The university and the college have had a government of their own, and, though connected with the English Church in Ireland, have long been willing to be secularized. Religious tests have been in the way of its development. Last year the highest place in the Fellowship examination was taken by a graduate who could not take the oaths imposed by statute, and who, therefore, was deprived of the prize. Dublin University numbers among its graduates such names as BURKE, GRATTAN, SWIFT, BERKELEY, and GOLDSMITH. Then there is the Queen's University, with the three Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway. These are unsectarian. The Presbyterians have Magee College, and the Roman Catholics the Catholic University. The latter was established a score of years ago under the authority of a papal bull, and with Dr. NEWMAN as its rector. But its ill success, the small patronage it has received, and its inferior rank as an educational institution do not encourage the adoption of the policy insisted upon by the Roman Catholic bishops, of turning over to the Catholics the whole subject of Irish education.

The Irish University bill now before Parliament makes Dublin University the nucleus of the new system. To fit it for this position it is made independent of Trinity College, which, with the Queen's Colleges at Cork and Belfast, the Roman Catholic University and Magee College, will be grouped around it as a common centre. Galway College will disappear, as will also the Queen's University. The theological faculty of Trinity College is to be turned over to the disestablished Church, and all religious tests in the college are to be abolished. The University of Dublin is to be incorporated, with a government by a council of twenty-eight members, to be in the first instance appointed by the act, and the vacancies afterward for ten years to be filled up alternately by co-optation and the nomination of the Crown. The members of the new university are to be elected by the whole body of the higher graduates—all the Queen's College and Trinity College graduates coming in at once, and the students of other affiliated colleges being admitted after passing examination. The new university is to receive an endowment of £50,000 a year, of which Trinity College will contribute one-fourth, the funds now endowing Queen's University nearly another fourth, fees about an eighth, and the funds obtained by disestablishment of the Irish Church the remaining three-eighths. The bill also provides for the establishment of one hundred bursaries of £25 a year, tenable for four years, in connection with the new university, each to be competed for by its students; twenty-five scholarships of £50 a year each, also tenable for four years; and ten fellowships of £200 a year each, tenable for five years.

The principal difficulty experienced by the ministry in framing this bill has been that involved in making concessions to Roman Catholics without, at the same time, sacrificing the interests of education. The concessions made by the bill are very important. Not only is the theological faculty detached from Trinity College, but all religious tests are abolished; the endowments are opened to all, irrespective of religious belief; Dublin University, the degree-giving power for all the colleges, has the power to give degrees to students who have attended none of the subsidiary colleges, but who can pass examination; and the semi-religious subjects of moral philosophy and modern history are excluded from the lectures of the university. This last concession is almost humiliating. But in all that has been yielded there has been no degradation of education.

A bill encouraging higher education in Ireland to such an extent will, if suffered to go into operation, prove satisfactory to the Irish people, who will in a few years furnish as many Catholic as Protestant members to the university. But on this very account it is not satisfactory to the priests. They demand something more than religious equality for Romanism—they want ascendency, absolute control. Better an inferior system of education, if it is only under their control. It is only Protestant sectarianism that they would abolish, and they are utterly opposed to the secularization of education. Accordingly the Roman Catholic bishops have determined to oppose Mr. GLADSTONE'S bill, and have sent an address to the Irish members of Parliament, urging them to press for its withdrawal. These Irish members, in a closely contested vote, wield the balance of power in Parliament, and they may be able to defeat a bill which half a dozen years ago would have more than satisfied their demands. In this respect the delay in bringing forward the bill has proved unfortunate. The spirit of Roman Catholic exaction has been encouraged to such an extent that Cardinal Cullen gives it no extreme expression when he declares that "the nationality of Ireland means simply the Catholic Church."

LOUISIANA.

The persistent efforts of the Democratic politicians—or at least the rebellious element of the Democracy—to destroy the prosperity of the Southern States, to drive capital from the country, to check the growth of commerce, force the merchant and the farmer to bankruptcy, depreciate the value of land, and stop the tide of immigration, can not fail at last to bring upon them the general indignation of the people. Every Ku-Klux murder, every assault upon the supremacy of the law, every threat of violence and of usurpation, tends to produce infinite loss to the country, and helps to reduce to poverty and decay a region fitted by nature to teem with material wealth, and support in affluence an immense population. Lands in various portions of the Southern States that under a peaceful government would prove more productive than the rich fields of Minnesota are left idle and untilled. Farms are sold at prices so low as to seem incredible to Northern cultivators. The mineral resources of the mountain chains are left untouched. Railroads that would open up wide districts of country to foreign immigration are stopped in their progress because the capitalist is afraid of spoliation and open robbery. The commerce of the Southern cities languishes, while the cities of the great West press on with unprecedented strides. The merchant, the honest laborer, the mechanic, and the investor shrink from the home of the Ku-Klux, and avoid a region where life and property are threatened by brigands and revolutionists.

Louisiana has suffered as severely as any of its sister States from the cruel deeds of its rebellious faction. The great majority of its people, no doubt, desire repose; but their Democratic leaders will not suffer them to rest. The recent riots in New Orleans are only the latest of a long series of outrages. The same faction that has never ceased to threaten and ill treat Republican voters and peaceful colored men has at last covered the streets of New Orleans with bloodshed. They have been the first to shed the blood of their fellow-citizens. They have not only defied the authority of the State and national courts, but have endeavored to seize the government by armed violence.

The particulars of this contest deserve a general attention. Two governments existed in Louisiana, each claiming to represent the majority of the people. The Warmoth and M'Enery faction, supported by the rebel leaders, and composed of many men who had served in the rebel armies, assert that at the fall election they had a large majority of the votes. The Kellogg party, embracing all the Republicans, insist that the majority was on their side. The question as to the validity of either claim was submitted to the Supreme Court of New Orleans, and also to the United States judge, Durell. Both courts decided in favor of Kellogg and his associates. They were declared elected by the highest legal decision. They entered upon their offices, took possession of the public buildings, organized the police, proceeded to discharge their proper duties, and the national Administration, as it was obliged to do, respected the decision of the courts, and acknowledged the State government of the Kellogg party. It could have done nothing else; it was forced to follow the ruling of the courts; and, besides, the Kellogg government was in existence *de facto* as well as *de jure*. It was the only one known to the law.

Meantime the M'Enery party also organized a government, assembled a Legislature, and proceeded to perform various acts annoying and obstructive to its opponents. It next, as was most proper, appealed to the President and to Congress. The President had no power to interfere, but Congress, perhaps, might have determined the controversy. It would seem, however, rather a question for the Supreme Court; and even Congress would scarcely care to reverse the decision of the New Orleans judges. But however this may be, the plain duty of the M'Enery party, if they found themselves aggrieved, was to commence such legal proceedings as might expose the errors of their opponents and obtain justice for themselves. They should have awaited the operation of the law. Instead of this they armed themselves, prepared a large military force, and made an attack upon their opponents, which ended in the loss of several lives and the wounding of fifteen or twenty persons. Their object, it seems, was to seize the court-houses and reinstate their own judges: they might thus gain a show of legality on their side, which is now wholly wanting. The rebels fought with courage; but their plans had been revealed to the Kellogg officials, and General Longstreet, by his prudent disposition of the armed police, saved the court-houses. General Emory, the United States officer in command, next ordered the rioters to disperse, and, obeying the instructions of President Grant, aided in restoring order in New Orleans. For this the President has been assailed with extraordinary bitterness by the friends of Warmoth and M'Enery, by the opposition press of the North, and the enemies of the public peace. The people of the whole country, however, will probably approve of his conduct, and show the rebellious portion of the Southern population that they are resolved to check at once their constant tendency toward bloodshed and crime.

The chief sufferers from the violence of Warmoth and M'Enery, next to the dead and the wounded, to whose fate they have been accessory, will be the merchants, mechanics, and farmers of Louisiana. Business has long been inactive at New Orleans, owing to the fear of riots and the political disturbances. Republicans and the colored citizens are naturally alarmed for their lives when they see their enemies armed parading in the streets, and when they remember the long series of outrages which have been inflicted upon them by a small but desperate faction of the opposition. Louisiana, rich in natural advantages, requires capital to repair its levees, drain its swamps, renew its productiveness; and New Orleans must insure good order among its citizens before it can hope for the revival of its trade.

Let, therefore, the intelligent people of Louisiana of all parties unite to repair the evils that have been inflicted upon them. Let them discourage every attempt to violate the law; let them select for office moderate, honest men, who are willing to do justice to all; let them punish with imprisonment and hard labor the desperate politicians, who are the enemies of industry and peaceful progress; and New Orleans will once more assume the appearance of a commercial city. Nor will the whole South ever recover its prosperity until it has pursued a similar course—has proved to the world that the rule of rapine and disorder, which has so long impoverished many of its fairest districts, has passed away forever, and that the life and property of the immigrant, the Republican voter, and the foreign capitalist are as safe in North Carolina and Georgia as they are in Minnesota or Nebraska.

A CASE OF HARDSHIP.

Here is a palpable cause of complaint against President Grant. When, four years ago, he took the oath of office as President of the United States, there were not wanting able editors and eloquent orators who darkened the land with dismal vaticinations of an impending *coup d'état* which would throw that of Louis Napoleon into the shade, and result in a despotism more cruel, bloody, and grinding than that of the autocrat of all the Russias. Free speech was to be interdicted. Independent newspapers were to be suppressed, and their editors shut up in military Bastiles or deported to the gloomy deserts of Alaska, which Territory had been purchased for the express purpose of being converted into an American Siberia. The man "of iron heart, iron will, and iron hand," whose ambitious schemes the people had unwittingly abetted by making him their Chief Magistrate, was to wade through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The earnestness and constancy of these prophets of evil left no doubt as to the reality of their fears. They never closed their eyes at night without expecting to be dragged from their bed before morning and immured in some gloomy dungeon, where, like the prisoner of Chillon, chained to the floor, they would wear out the remainder of their life in darkness and despair. Whenever they took their walks abroad, by day or night, they were haunted by visions of spies, lettres de cachet, military satraps, and minions of a secret police. We can not but admire the courage of men who believed all this and yet remained where they were exposed to such dangers. Timid men would have fled the country, and, with trembling limbs and heads prematurely gray, have sought the protection of the beneficent paternal governments of the Old World. Or is it possible that they lingered here under the fascination of danger, as the innocent and simple bird is said to be held by the eye of the treacherous rattlesnake?

The malignant nature of the man in the White House is signally illustrated by the cold-blooded manner in which he has for four long years kept these victims on the tenter-hooks of a despairing terror. Like the disciples of Miller, they constantly prophesy the near approach of the day of wrath, but weeks, months, and years roll by, and the dreaded day does not dawn. Every morning surprises them on their peaceful pillows. They go to their places of business, and return in safety to their anxious families. Their case is truly desperate and deplorable. Their credit as prophets and soothsayers has become sadly impaired. They cry aloud in the streets and no man regardeth them. We can see but one way of escape from the dilemma in which they have placed themselves. Said a good old lady to one of those zealous disciples to whom we have alluded, "Suppose the day you have set for the end of the world should go by without that event coming to pass, what then?" "Madam," replied the undaunted Millerite, "I should believe it had come without our knowing it." Can it be possible that, without knowing it, we are already living under a terrible despotism, and that some fearful glamour has blinded our eyes to the iron collars about our necks, and deafened our ears to the horrid clanking of our chains?

As we reflect upon this matter our indignation rises. If the President is really treading us under foot without our knowing it, he must not only be a man of iron heart, iron will, iron hand, and iron heel, but a man of enormous duplicity. This is more than human nature can patiently endure. A downright acknowledged despotism would be bad enough, but a despotism in disguise—Ah, Mr. President, trample us under foot if you will, imprison us in Bastiles, or banish us to Alaska, but spare us that terror without a name!

PERSONAL.

The late Henry J. Raymond was as remarkable in his early newspaper career for facility in reporting as for other journalistic ability. In the March number of *Harper's Magazine* a striking instance of his accuracy and rapidity is narrated, when he was representing the *Courier and Enquirer* at Washington. Mr. Webster was to make an important speech in the Senate. Mr. Raymond was present, and all the other papers were represented. Looking at the clock, it occurred to him that the Senator would finish about the hour of the closing of the mail. He therefore prepared himself. Webster began his speech. Raymond took every word down in long-hand—the other reporters, of course, in short-hand. Webster, it is true, was a slow, deliberate speaker, but as the average speed of an orator's tongue is six uttered to one carefully written word, our readers can imagine the rapidity of Raymond's writing. Webster finished. It was nearly mail-time. It would be utterly impossible to write out the speech for that mail, and that was the mail to carry the speech. Raymond looked at his notes, and again at the clock. Rolling all up in an envelope, inclosing a private note to the foreman of the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*, he dropped the parcel in the editor's bag. It reached the office in Wall Street, the copy was distributed among the compositors, and the whole speech appeared in the next edition of the *Courier and Enquirer*, to the dismay of the other papers and the chagrin of the reporters. Its accuracy received the fullest indorsement of Mr. Webster.

—The Miss Rothschild who was married a few days ago to the Hon. Mr. Yorke, a younger son of the Earl of Hardwicke, has a fortune of $10,000,000. Nevertheless, it was "Mr. Yorke she wanted."

—President Cheney, of Bates College, Maine, has obtained from certain solid men of Boston a subscription of $100,000 for the benefit of the college, on condition that other friends of the institution increase the sum to $200,000 within five years.

—It is a comfort to know that Mirza-Malcolm-Kham-Nasi-Mulmuk has registered his name in Rome, and will make preparation for the coming of the Shah.

—Rev. Newman Hall has informed his friends that he has accepted an invitation to visit the United States next summer. It is also more than probable that Spurgeon will come, notwithstanding his recent declaration to the contrary. Arrangements to that end are in progress, and he has partially consented.

—Mr. William Cullen Bryant was in Magnolia, Florida, on the 22d of February, and participated in a little patriotic ceremony. Last year the flag-staff near the hotel was struck by lightning and destroyed. It was determined to put up a new one, which was done on the 22d, and Mr. B. made a brilliant speech on the occasion, congratulating the company upon the time chosen for the exercises. He quoted from Talleyrand and Thackeray in praise of the great George, spoke of his power in arranging campaigns, and closed by reciting some verses suitable to the day.

—The new Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith") proposes not to take his seat in the House of Lords, but to continue in the diplomatic service. It is not unlikely that he will one day come over here as the representative of Great Britain. He knows the United States well, and has a keen sympathy with American ideas. He was heartily for the North in the late struggle, and expresses his admiration for the better part of American society and American literature.

—Bayard Taylor has not gone to Germany to take root as a subject of the Kaiser. On the contrary, after his little holiday of eighteen months, he will return and make this city of New York his permanent abode.

—Our bright Congressman, the Hon. S. Set Cox, in a debate the other day on an appropriation bill, alluded to the importance of keeping open all sorts of streams, rivulets, and such, as aids, more or less, to navigation. He stated that he knew, and could prove by affidavit, that there was once an appropriation made for the survey of a river which one of the Senators from New Hampshire could not find in any geography, nor had he any knowledge of it outside. But after a while it was discovered to be a little trout stream that any man could step over. The owner of a mill near by was also found below his mill-race digging a hole in the empty bed of the stream for water to boil his potatoes! It required appropriations!

—Washington's birthday was celebrated in Boston, in the *Transcript* office. Twenty years before, on George's natal day, Mr. Haskell assumed editorial charge of the paper, and has occupied it ever since, and during that period the *Transcript* has been one of the brightest, cheeriest, most interesting papers published in New England. "The Father," etc., was a good man, but probably no better than Colonel Haskell.

—Among those who are said to have especially distinguished themselves in the great Crédit Mobilier debate in the House of Representatives was General Hawley, of Connecticut. According to a contemporary, his speech "was perhaps the strongest, calmest, most clear and terse delivered during the long debate. Such readiness and such finish, such freedom and such polish, are seldom combined in one speaker nowadays. Though still young, General Hawley has about him something of the old school." All well and truly said. And, moreover, with his pen, in the journal he so ably edits at Hartford, he is as strong and trenchant as he is in the fiery bouts at Washington.

—Lord Houghton (formerly Richard Monckton Milnes) in recent caricatures is called "The Cool of the Evening," the reason of which is that many years ago being at his club late one afternoon in company with Count D'Orsay, and hearing some habitué of Gore House propose calling on Lady Blessington, Lord Houghton exclaimed, "Oh yes, and I'll go with you." "Indeed," answered Count D'Orsay, loftily; "are you acquainted with her ladyship?" "No, but that's of no consequence. I'll accompany you, my dear fellow." "So you shall, so you shall," retorted D'Orsay. "You shall go with us, and I'll introduce you to Lady Blessington as the cool of the evening." From that day to this Lord Houghton has never been able to rid himself of a richly deserved witticism. There are some things the world never forgets.

—For six weeks Joaquin Miller has been enjoying high felicity as the guest of Tennyson. That's having a good deal of Miller.

—One Longmore has sent to the London *Athenæum* some reminiscences of Mr. Buckle, among them the following: "He was extremely fond of talk, and I have no hesitation in saying he was the best talker I ever met. I never longed but when in his company for my countryman Bozzy's somewhat questionable talent for reporting private conversation. He was, however, not merely a good talker, he was an excellent listener as well. He even liked a little modest contradiction, as serving to bring out his own dialectic skill to greater effect. If, indeed, he saw symptoms of conceit or of impudent dogmatism on the part of an opponent, he was down upon him like a sledge-hammer; and I have often pitied a poor wretch who had to submit to be pounded to pieces by him, though I must say the victim generally richly deserved it. He had, besides, another admirable trait of a good conversationist—he never prosed, and woe betide him who became prosy in his company. In a single lucid sentence or two he took up the threads of the arguments over which the proser was driveling and completely shut him up, by clearly explaining to the company what there seemed no prospect of his being able, in any reasonable time, to make clear himself."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The third session of the Forty-second Congress closed on the 4th inst. On the day preceding, the Senate was formally notified by a committee of the House of the impeachment of Judge Delahay, of Kansas. The House passed a number of appropriation bills, including one by which the salaries of President, members of Congress, and others have been considerably increased. In compliance with the President's proclamation, the Senate convened in extra session on the 4th inst., Vice-President Wilson delivering an address and swearing in the new Senators. The Senate, on the 7th inst., decided to admit G. E. Spencer, of Georgia, to a seat.

The efforts of the United States government to make peace with the Modoc Indians have not been successful, the latter emphatically refusing all propositions thus far made to them.

The New York State Senate has appointed a committee to investigate the charges against William M. Tweed, and ascertain if he is worthy of membership in that body. A motion to declare the seat vacant was lost by a vote of 15 to 7.

Foster, the "car-hook murderer," has been reprieved by Governor Dix until the 21st inst.

The bill for a general railroad law, designed to break down the monopolies of the State, has passed both branches of the New Jersey Legislature. The vote was unanimous, and when it was announced a scene of the utmost excitement followed. Members joined with spectators in cheering lustily, and even embraced each other. Guns were subsequently fired, and rejoicing was general throughout the State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Affairs in Spain may be said to be in a critical condition. The Carlists are said to have beaten the government troops again, and the followers of Don Carlos are actively engaged in his behalf. The representatives of European powers have decided upon a collective note to the Spanish government declaring the belief that their governments will decline diplomatic relations should a federal republic be proclaimed.

In the British House of Lords, on the 3d inst., an address was moved that all foreign treaties be presented to Parliament six weeks before ratification. The motion was negatived without a division.

Mr. Gladstone having been called upon by the House of Commons for an explanation of the story that the United States had obtained at Geneva the award of a large sum in excess of actual losses, replied that the statement was untrue.

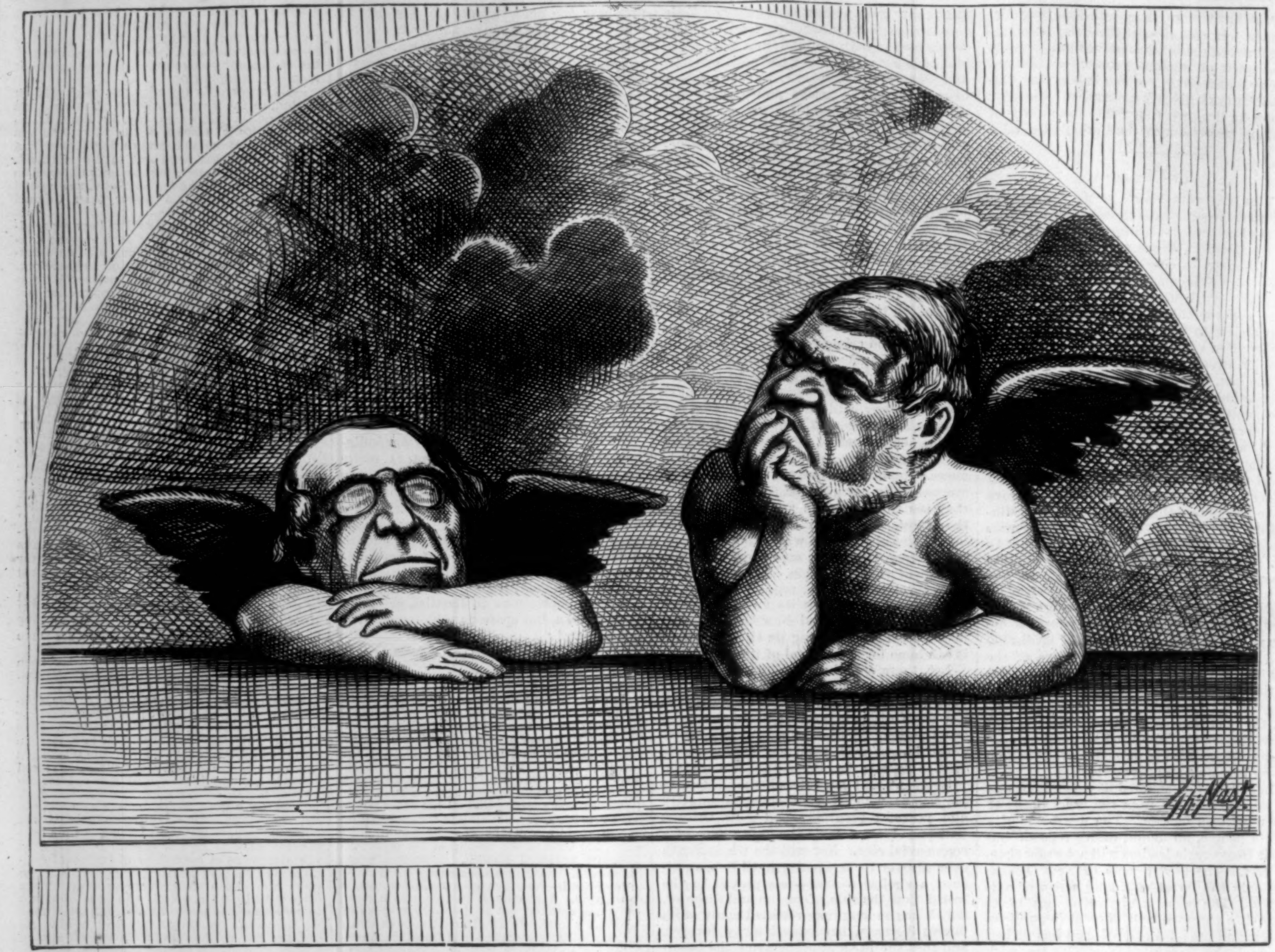
It is reported that the Bank of England has been defrauded out of nearly two million dollars by a company of American swindlers, for whom a reward of £2500 is offered.

President Thiers has reaffirmed in the French Assembly his determination to maintain the compact of Bordeaux. The preamble of the constitutional project was adopted by a vote of 475 to 199.

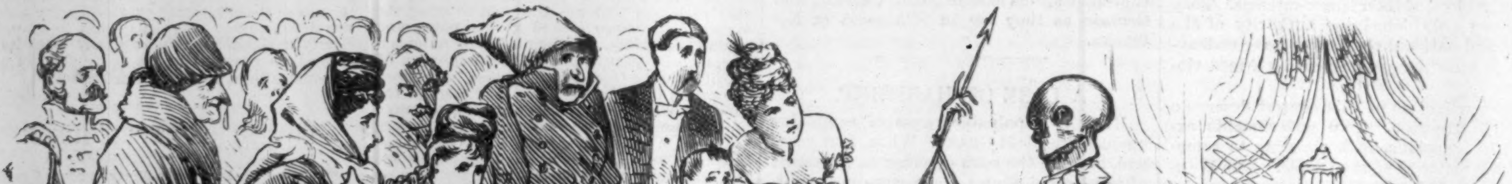
The French government has already paid to Germany 3,500,000,000 francs on account of the war indemnity.

The yellow fever is raging in many parts of Brazil, and foreigners are leaving the country.

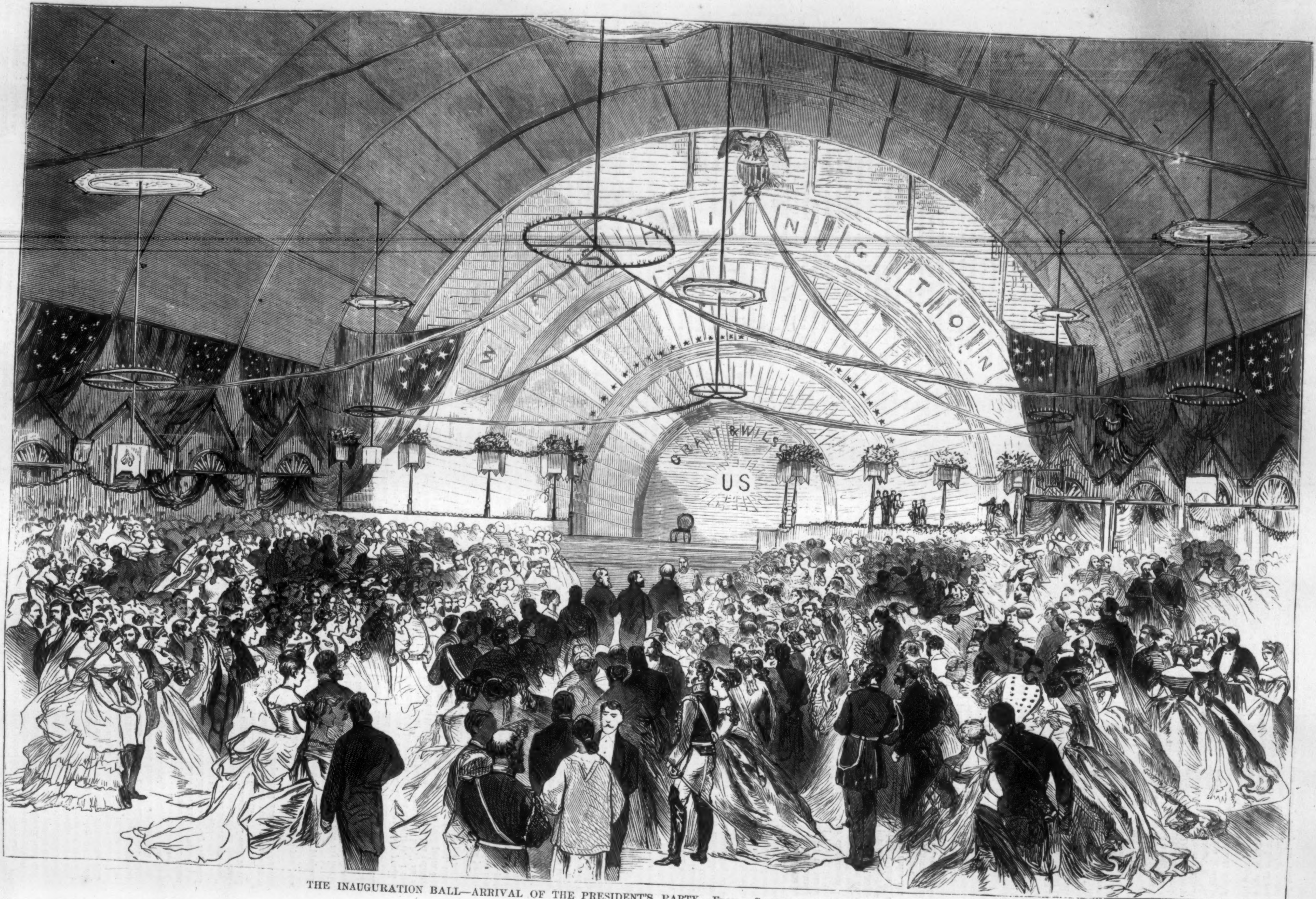
The German government proposes to so amend the treaty with the United States that Germans who return home and remain two years shall rate as having renounced their citizenship.



THE CHERUBS OF THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.—FROM A PAINTING BY BEN BUTLER.


AN UNWELCOME GUEST
MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY DECLARES SHE HAS NOTHING TO WEAR
—AND ABSOLUTELY WEARS NOTHING
—AND SUFFERS THE CONSEQUENCES.
C.S. REINHART

THE INAUGURATION BALL—A LEAF FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.


WASHINGTON
GRANT & WILS
US

THE INAUGURATION BALL—ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY.—From a Sketch by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 230.]

COME, WHISPER IN WINTER'S EAR.

O beautiful, bright-eyed Spring!
Come, whisper in Winter's ear,
And coax him with smiles that are warm and sweet
To put off his aspect drear.
O whisper of laughing streams
That are frozen to silence now,
While the chains that bind them are stronger grown
'Neath the frown on his icy brow.

And tell of the merry birds
That come with thy reign, sweet Spring,
Of the beautiful buds and flowers fair
That only thy smile will bring!
And whisper of all the joy
He hath bidden away from earth.
There are violets 'neath the snow: so haste
With thy breath to give them birth.

So, beautiful, bright-eyed Spring,
Come, whisper in Winter's ear,
And presently all the earth shall sing,
As it feels thy presence near!
O smile on the stern old king,
Whose smile is so cold and chill,
And melt with thy kisses his icy heart,
Till he yield to thine own sweet will.

(Continued from No. 845, page 191.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"The burden of sweet speeches. Nay, kneel down,
Cover thy head, and weep; for verily
These market-men that buy thy white and brown
In the last days shall take no thought for thee.
In the last days like earth thy face shall be,
Yea, like sea-marsh made thick with brine and mire,
Sad with sick leavings of the sterile sea.
This is the end of every man's desire."

The vicar had fully expected to receive one of Miss Disney's little notes postponing the dinner at Ashcombe, so foreign was it to the manners and customs of the dowager to extend so much hospitality to her neighbors; but instead of the little note of postponement there came a little note "to remind;" and, as Mr. Luttrell observed, with an air of resignation, there was nothing for it but to go.

Then came a grand consultation as to who should go. It was not to be supposed that Mr. Luttrell could enter society, even in the most friendly way, with five women in his wake. Gertrude at once announced her indifference to the entertainment. It was Thursday, and on that night there was an extra service and a sermon at St. Clement's. She would not lose Mr. Forde's sermon for the world.

"And I should think *you* would hardly miss that, Lizzie," she said, "since you have become so stanch a Forde-ite."

But on this Mrs. Chevenix protested vehemently that Elizabeth must go to Ashcombe. She had been especially mentioned by the Viscount. He was to teach her bezique.

"I know all about bezique already, and I hate it," Elizabeth answered, coolly; "but I should like to see a dinner at Ashcombe. I want to see whether it will be all make-believe, like the Barmecide's feast, or whether there will really be some kind of food upon the table. My impression is that the dinner will consist of a leg of mutton and an épergne."

It was decided therefore, after a little skirmishing between the sisters, that Elizabeth and Diana should accompany Mr. Luttrell and Mrs. Chevenix to Ashcombe, and that Gertrude and Blanche should stay at home. The Vicarage wagonette, which had a movable cover that transformed it into a species of genteel baker's cart, would hold four very comfortably. The vicar could afford to absent himself for once in a way from the Thursday-evening service, which was an innovation of Mr. Forde's.

The appointed day was not altogether unpropitious, but was hardly inviting: a dull dry winter day, with a gray sunless sky and a northeast wind, which whistled shrilly in the leafless elms and beeches of the wide avenue in Ashcombe Park as the Vicarage wagonette drove up to the house.

Ashcombe Park was a great tract of low-lying land, stretched at the feet of a rugged hill that rose abruptly from the very edge of the wide lawn on one side of the house, and overshadowed it with its gaunt outline like a couchant giant. The mansion itself was a triumph of that school of architecture in which the research of ugliness seemed the directing principle of the designer's mind. It was a huge red and yellow brick edifice of the Vanbrugh school, with a ponderous centre and more ponderous wings; long ranges of narrow windows unrelieved by a single ornament; broad flights of shallow stone steps on each side of the tall central door; a garden door in each wing; an inner quadrangle, embellished with a hideous equestrian statue of some distinguished Paulyn who had perished at Malplaquet: a house which, in better occupation and with lighter surroundings, might not have been without a certain old-fashioned dignity and charm of its own peculiar order, but which, in the possession of Lady Paulyn, wore an aspect of depressing gloom.

There were some darksome specimens of the conifer tribe in huge square wooden tubs upon the broad graveled walk before the principal front; but there was no pretense of a flower garden on any side of the mansion. Lady Paulyn abjured floriculture as a foolish waste of money. The geometrical flower beds in the Dutch garden that had once adorned the south wing had been replaced by a flat expanse of turf, on which her ladyship's sheep ranged at their pleasure. The wide lawn before the grand saloon—a paneled chamber of fifty feet long, with musical instruments and emblems painted on the central panels—was also a pasture for those useful animals, who sometimes looked in at the open windows while Lady Paulyn and Hilda sat at work within.

Lord Paulyn was pacing the walk by the conifers as the wagonette drove up, and flew to assist the Vicarage man-of-all-work in his attendance upon the ladies.

"I'm so glad you've all come," he exclaimed, as he handed out Elizabeth, apparently unconscious of the absence of her two sisters. "Very good of your father to bring you to such a dismal hole. I sometimes wonder my mother and Hilda don't go to sleep for a hundred years, like the girl in the fairy tale, from sheer inability to get rid of their time in any other way. But they sit and stitch, stitch, stitch, like a new version of the *Song of the Shirt*, and write letters to distant friends, the Lord knows what about. Here, Treby, take care of the ladies' wraps, will you"—to a doddling old man in a shabby black suit, who was my lady's butler and house-steward, and was popularly supposed to clean the knives and fill the coal-scuttles in a cavernous range of cellars with which the mansion was undermined.

The Viscount led the way to the drawing-room, or saloon—that spacious apartment with the flesh-colored paneling which had been originally designed for a music-room. It was a stately chamber, with six long windows, and two fire-places with high narrow mantel-pieces, upon each of which appeared a scanty row of tiny Nankin tea-cups. Scantiness was, indeed, the distinguishing feature of the Ashcombe furniture from garret to cellar, but was perhaps more strikingly obvious in this spacious apartment than in any other room in the house. A faded and much-worn Turkey carpet covered the centre of the floor—a mere island in an ocean of bees-waxed oak; a few spindle-legged chairs and tables were dotted about here and there; two hard-seated couches of the classic mould—their frames rose-wood inlaid with brass, their cushions covered with a striped satin damask, somewhat frayed at the edges, exhibiting traces of careful repair—stood at a respectful distance from each fire-place; and one easy-chair, of a somewhat more modern manufacture, but by no means a choice or costly specimen of the upholsterer's art, was drawn close up to the one hearth upon which there burned a somewhat meagre pile of small wood, the very waste and refuse of the timber-yard. Lady Paulyn was seated in this chair, with a little three-cornered shawl of her own knitting drawn tightly round her skinny shoulders, as if she would thereby have eked out the sparing supply of fuel. Miss Disney sat at one of the little tables remote from the fire, copying a column of figures into an account-book. Both ladies rose to receive their guests, but not with any rapturous greeting.

"Very good of you to come all this way to see a quiet old woman like me," said the dowager, as if she had hardly expected them, in spite of Hilda's note "to remind."

"Why the deuce don't you have a fire in both fire-places in such weather as this, mother?" the Viscount demanded, shivering, as he placed himself on the centre of the hearth-rug, and thus extinguished the only fire there was.

"I never have had two fires in this room, Reginald, and I never will have two fires," replied the dowager, resolutely. "When I can't sit here with one fire, I shall leave off sitting here altogether. I don't hold with your modern luxurious habits."

"But it must have been an ancient habit to warm this room a little better than you do, or it would hardly have been built with two fire-places," said Lord Paulyn.

"That, I imagine, was rather a question of architectural uniformity," replied the dowager.

"There's the luncheon-gong," said her son. "Perhaps we shall find it a little warmer in the dining-room."

There was a good deal of ceremony at Ashcombe, considering the scantiness of the household; and Lady Paulyn took no refreshment that was not heralded by beat of gong. Her little bit of roast mutton, or her fried sole and skinny chicken, cost no more on account of that majestic prelude, and it kept up the right tone, as my lady sometimes observed to Hilda. The luncheon to-day, though quite a festive banquet in comparison with the silver biscuit-barrel and mouldering Stilton cheese which formed the staple of the daily meal, was not too bountiful a repast. There was a gaunt piece of ribs of beef, bony and angular, as of an ox that had known hard times, at one end of the long table; a melancholy-looking roast fowl, with huge and scaly legs, whose advanced age ought to have held him sacred from the assassin, and who seemed to feel his isolated position on a very large dish, with a distant border of sliced tongue, lemon, and parsley. There were two dishes of potatoes, fried and boiled; there was a little glass dish of marmalade that was made quite a feature of on one side of the board; and a similar dish containing four anchovies reposing in a grove of parsley, which enlivened the other side. There was an artistic preparation of beet-root and endive on a centre dish, and two ponderous diamond-cut celery glasses. These, with a pickle stand or two and a good deal of splendor in the way of cruets, gave the table an air of being quite liberally furnished.

The meal was tolerably cheerful despite a certain toughness and wooden flavor in the viands. Mr. Luttrell pleaded his sworn enmity to luncheons as an excuse for not eating any thing, and conversed agreeably with the dowager, who had brightened a little by this time, and seemed determined to make the best of things. Lord Paulyn sat between Mrs. Chevenix and Elizabeth, and had a good deal to say for himself in one way and another. He was enchanted to hear that Elizabeth was to have a season in town next year.

"You must come to me for the Oxford and Cambridge, mind, Mrs. Chevenix," he said. "I always charter a crib—I beg your pardon—take a house on the river for that event. I thought Miss Elizabeth would never consent to be buried alive down here all her days. She isn't like my mother and Hilda. It suits them very well. There's something of the fossil in their composition, and a century or so more or less in a pit doesn't make any difference to them. I'm so glad I shall see you in town next year."

This to Elizabeth, and with an extreme heartiness. He could hardly behave like this to every pretty girl he met, Mrs. Chevenix thought; it must mean something serious; and in the dim future she beheld herself allied to the peerage through her niece, Lady Paulyn.

He seemed very glad when luncheon was over, and he could carry off the two young ladies to see the family portraits.

"You won't care much about that kind of thing, I dare say," he said to Mrs. Chevenix, not caring to be troubled with that matron's society; "you'd rather stop and talk to my mother."

"There is nothing would give me more pleasure than a chat with dear Lady Paulyn," simpered Aunt Chevenix, inwardly shuddering as she remembered her vain attempt to interest that inexorable dowager; "but my brother Wilmot seems to have a great deal to say to her, and if I have a passion for one thing above another, it is for family portraits, especially where the family is ancient and distinguished like yours."

"Oh, very well, you can come, of course. I'll show you the old fogies—my grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and all their brotherhood and sisterhood."

"Miss Disney will accompany us, of course," said Mrs. Chevenix, smiling graciously at Hilda, who sat opposite to her, very fair to look upon in her wax-work serenity.

"Oh, Hilda knows the pictures by heart. She'd rather sit by the fire and spin, or go on with those everlasting accounts she is always scribbling for my mother."

"I will come if you like, Mrs. Chevenix," replied Hilda, ignoring her cousin's remark.

The party of exploration, therefore, consisted of the three damsels, Mrs. Chevenix, and Lord Paulyn, a party large enough to admit of being divided—a result which Aunt Chevenix had labored to achieve. Lord Paulyn straggled off at once with Elizabeth through the long suit of upper chambers, with deep oaken seats in all the windows—Hampton Court on a small scale—leaving Hilda to play cicerone for Mrs. Chevenix and Diana, whom her aunt contrived to keep at her side, thus leaving the coast clear for those other two, whose careless laughter rang gayly through the old empty rooms. Merciless was the criticism which those departed Paulyns suffered at the hands of their graceless descendant and Elizabeth Luttrell. The scowling military uncles, the blustering naval uncles, the smirking grandmothers and aunts, with powdered ringlets meandering over bare shoulders, or flowing locks and loose bodice of the Lely period. Lord Paulyn entertained his companion with scraps of family history—their mésalliances, extravagances, and other misdeeds—which did not tend to the glorification of that noble race.

But Reginald Paulyn did not devote all his attention to his duties as cicerone. He had a great deal to say to Elizabeth about himself and his own affairs, and a great many questions to ask about herself, her likings, dislikings, and so on.

"I'm sure you're fond of horses," he said; "a girl with your superior intellect must be fond of horses."

"I did not know that taste was a mark of superior intellect. I may have a dormant passion for horseflesh, certainly, but, you see, it has never been developed. I can't go into raptures about Toby, that big horse you saw in the wagonette. I used to be very fond of Cupid, a pony that Blanche and I rode when we were children; but unfortunately Cupid grew too small for me, or at least I grew too big for Cupid, and papa gave him away. That is all my experience of horses."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Viscount, with a distressed air. "It seems a burning shame that a girl like you should get so little out of life. Why, you ought to have a couple of hunters, and follow the hounds twice a week every season; it would be an introduction to a new existence. And you ought to have a pair of thorough-bred ponies, and a nice little trap to drive them in."

Elizabeth laughed gayly at this suggestion.

"A clergyman's daughter with her own hunters and pony-carriage would be rather an incongruous person," she said.

"But you're not going to be a clergyman's daughter all your life. When you come to London you'll see things in a very different light."

"London!" repeated Elizabeth, with a little sigh. "Yes, I think I should like that kind of life, only the poor old home will seem ever so much more dismal afterward. I sometimes fancy I could bear it better if there were not quite so many Sundays. The week-days would go drifting by, and one would hardly know how long the dreary time was any more than one counts the hours when one is asleep. But Sunday pulls you up sharply with the reflection, 'Another empty week gone; another empty week coming!' A day of rest, too, after a week of nothingness. What a mockery!"

"Sunday is a bore, certainly," said the Viscount. "People are so dam prejudiced. If it wasn't for Tattersall's, and the Star-and-Garter—a rather jolly dinner-place near town, you know—Sunday would be unbearable. But I wouldn't worry myself about coming back to Hawleigh after you've had a season in town, if I were you. Sufficient for the day, you know, as that fellow Shakspeare says. In the first place, it's a long way ahead; and in the second, you may never come back at all. Who knows?"

They were sitting in one of the deep old window-seats, waiting for Mrs. Chevenix and the two young ladies, that diplomatic person having contrived to ask Hilda so many questions about the pictures, and to be so fascinated ever and anon by glimpses of that flat waste of verdure called the park, as to detain her party for some time by the way, thus affording Elizabeth and the Viscount ample leisure for their tête-à-tête. They were sitting side by side in one of the windows, Elizabeth with her head resting against the ponderous shutter, the golden-brown hair melting into the rich brown of the polished oak, the heavy eyelids drooping lazily over the dark blue eyes, the whole face in a half-listless repose. Very different would have seemed the same face if Malcolm Forde had been her companion—radiant with a light and life whose glory Reginald Paulyn was destined never to behold.

"You can't tell what's in the future, you see," said the Viscount, looking curiously at the tranquil face opposite him. "Suppose I were to tell your fortune—eh, Miss Luttrell?"

"I should have to cross your palm with a piece of gold, perhaps, and I'm sure I haven't any."

"Never mind the gold. Shall I tell you your fortune?"

"I have no great faith in your prophetic power."

"You wouldn't say that if you saw my betting book. I have not been out in my calculations three times since the Craven meeting."

"But that is quite another matter: you have some solid groundwork for your calculations there, and here you have none."

"Haven't I? Yes, I have; only you'd be offended if I were to tell you what it is. I must have your hand, please—no, the left," as she offered him the right with a somewhat reluctant air. "Yes, in this pretty little pink palm I can read a great deal. First and foremost, that it will be your own fault if ever you go back to Hawleigh parsonage as Miss Luttrell; secondly, that you can have as many hunters as you like at your disposal next winter; thirdly, that it will be your own fault if you have not your pony-carriage and out-riders for the Park in the following spring. That's my prophecy. Of course it will depend in a considerable measure upon yourself whether I prove a true prophet."

Elizabeth's heart beat a little faster as Lord Paulyn released her hand, with just the faintest detention of those slim fingers in his strong grasp. Was not this the very realization of her brightest, fondest dreams of earthly glory? Rank and wealth, fashion and pleasure and splendor, seemed, as it were, flung into her lap, like a heap of gathered roses, without trouble or effort of her own to compass their winning: prizes in life's lottery that she had only thought of in a far-off way, as blessings which might come to her sooner or later, if fortune were kind—but prizes that she had thought of very much and very often—to be cast thus at her feet! For, although the Viscount had not in plain words offered her his hand and fortune, there was a significance in his tone, an earnestness in his looks, that made his speech almost a preliminary offer—a sounding of the ground before taking a bolder step.

She gave a little silvery laugh, which seemed a sufficient reply to Lord Paulyn's vaticination.

Even in that moment, with a vision of boundless horses and carriages, country-seats and opera-boxes, shining before her; dazzled with the thought of how grand a thing it would be to win the position she had talked of winning in her wildest, most insolent moods; to prove to Gertrude and Diana, and all the little world which might have doubted or disparaged her, that she was indeed a superior creature, marked out by destiny for a splendid career—even amidst such thoughts as these there came the image of Malcolm Forde, a disturbing presence.

"Could I bear my life without him?" she thought; "could I ever put him quite out of my mind?"

All her worldly longings, her ignorant yearning for the splendors of this world, seemed hardly strong enough to weigh against that foolish passion for a man who had never professed any warmer regard for her than for the most commonplace of young women in his congregation.

"If he loved me, and asked me to be his wife, should I be foolish enough to marry him, I wonder?" she thought, while Lord Paulyn's admiring gaze was still rooted to her thoughtful face; "would I give up every pleasure I have ever dreamed about for his sake?"

The Viscount was happily unconscious of the turn which his companion's thoughts had taken. He fancied that it was his own suggestive remarks which had made her thoughtful.

"I fancy I hit her rather hard there," he said to himself. "I don't suppose it will ever come to any thing, and I've made my book so as to hedge the matrimonial question altogether; but if ever I do marry, that's the girl I'll have for my wife. Not a sixpence to bless herself with, of course—and there are no end of young women in the market who'd bring me a hatful of money—but a man can't have every thing, and a girl who'd been brought up in a Devonshire parsonage wouldn't be likely to have any extravagant notions calculated to ruin a fellow."

By which sagacious reflection it will be seen that the Viscount was not without the Paulyn virtue of economy.

Hilda's calm presence appeared anon upon the threshold of the open door, leading the way for the others; and this being the last of the state-rooms, the Viscount's opportunities came to an end. He was hardly sorry for this, perhaps, having said already rather more than he wanted to say. "But that girl is handsome enough to make any fellow lose his head," he said to himself, by way of excuse for his own imprudence.

Miss Disney surveyed the two with a thoughtful countenance. "I hope you have been entertained with the pictures, Miss Elizabeth," she said, with the faintest possible sneer. "I had no idea that Reginald was so accomplished a critic as to keep you amused all this time."

"We haven't been looking at the pictures or talking of the pictures half the time," replied Elizabeth, coolly. "You don't imagine one could interest one's self for an hour with those dingy old portraits. We have been talking of ourselves—always a most delightful subject."

Miss Disney smiled a wintry smile.

"Then if we have done with the pictures, we may as well go back to my aunt," she said.

"Oh, hang it all," exclaimed Lord Paulyn, looking at his watch—a bulky hunter that had been over more five-barred gates and bullfinches than fall to the lot of many time-pieces—"there's an hour and a half before dinner; we can't shiver in that Siberian drawing-room all that time. Put on your wraps, and come for a walk in the park, and I'll take you round to the stables and show you my hunters."

Any thing seemed preferable, even to Aunt Chevenix, to that dreary drawing-room with its handful of fuel, so the ladies clad themselves in shawls and winter jackets, and sallied out with Lord Paulyn to inspect his domain.

There was very little to see in the park—a vast expanse of flatness dotted about by some fine old timber; a young plantation of sycamore and poplar—the dowager affected only the cheapest kind of timber—here and there, looking pinched and poor in its leaflessness, protected by a rugged post-and-rail fence, with Lady Paulyn's initials branded upon every rail, lest midnight marauders should plunder her fences in their lawless quest for fire-wood. It was all very sombre and dreary in the early November twilight, and the black moorland above them took a threatening aspect, as of a sullen giant meditating some vengeance against the house of Ashcombe, which had lain a vassal at his feet so long.

"I would rather have the humblest cottage perched up yonder on the summit of that hill," cried Elizabeth, pointing to the dark edge of the moor, behind which the faint yellow light was fading, "than this grand house down here: there's something stifling in the atmosphere."

"You'd find it uncommonly cold up yonder in the winter," replied the Viscount, in his practical way; "and Ashcombe wouldn't be half a bad place if it was properly kept up, with about six times the establishment my mother keeps. But she has her whims, poor old lady, and I'm bound to give way to them as long as she's mistress here."

"How good of you!" said Hilda; "how very good of you, to allow my aunt to deprive herself of luxuries and pleasures in order that you may be the richest man in the county!"

"You needn't indulge your natural propensity for sneering, at my expense, Miss Disney," replied Lord Paulyn, rather savagely. "It amuses my mother to save money, and I let her do it—just as I should let her keep a roomful of tame cats if she had a fancy that way. I don't think your position in the family is one that gives you a right to criticise my conduct."

The fair transparent face flushed faintly for a moment, but Miss Disney vouchsafed no answer; and Diana Luttrell plunged valorously into the gap with an eager demand to see the hunters before it grew quite dark.

"Very proper indeed," thought Mrs. Chevenix; "that kind of young woman requires a good deal of putting down. I never like these dependent cousins about a young man—especially if they happen to be good-looking."

She glanced at Miss Disney: a slim, graceful figure of about middle height, dressed in a shabby black silk gown, but with a certain elegance and style that were independent of dress; a fair, delicate face, from whose thoughtful calm the Chevenix eye could discover very little. She had only a general impression that these quiet young women are of all others the most dangerous.

They went to the stables to see Lord Paulyn's horses; and Mrs. Chevenix had to endure rather an uncomfortable quarter of an hour going in and out of loose boxes, where satin-coated steeds with fiery eyes jerked and champed and snorted at her with malignant intentions, or seemed so to champ and snort; but she bore it all with a lamb-like meekness, while Elizabeth patted the velvety noses of these creatures with her ungloved hand, and brushed fearlessly against their hind-legs in a manner that went far to confirm the Viscount's belief in her vast superiority to the common order of women. Not that Hilda Disney showed any fear of the horses. She was as much at home with them as if they had been so many lap-dogs, and they seemed to know and love her, a fact which Mrs. Chevenix marked with a jealous eye.

"Love me, love my dog," she thought; "some people begin by loving the dog."

It was dark when they left the great gloomy quadrangle where the long row of loose boxes had the air of so many cells for solitary confinement, and Miss Disney conducted them to one of the numerous spare bedrooms to readjust their toilets for the evening, a bedroom which was spare in every sense of the word: sparely furnished with an ancient four-poster and half a dozen grim high-backed chairs, a darksome mahogany dressing-table, a tall, narrow looking-glass which was a most impartial reflector of the human countenance, making every one alike hideous; sparely lighted with a single candle in a massive armorial-emblazoned silver candlestick. Here Hilda left them to their own devices. There was no offer of afternoon tea, and Diana yawned dismally as she cast herself upon one of the high-backed chairs.

"How I wish it was over!" she exclaimed; "I don't think I ever had such a long day. It's all very well for Lizzie, she has Lord Paulyn to flirt with, and I suppose it's rather nice to flirt with a Viscount. But Miss Disney is really the most un-get-on-able-with girl that it was ever my misfortune to encounter."

"Miss Disney is a very clever young woman, my dear, for all that," replied Mrs. Chevenix, mysteriously; "rely upon it, she has her own views about her position here."

"You mean that she would like to marry her cousin, I suppose," said Elizabeth.

"I mean that to do that is the sole aim and object of her life," replied Mrs. Chevenix, with conviction, "but a design in which she will not succeed."

"You're so suspicious, auntie," said Elizabeth, carelessly. "Aren't we to have any more candles? Oh, dear me, what a dreadful old place this is!—something like those goblin castles one reads of in German legends, where there are a number of huge ancient rooms, and only one old steward, and where a traveler begs a night's shelter, and is half frightened to death before morning."

The dinner, which Elizabeth had looked forward to seeing as a kind of natural curiosity, was of a somewhat shadowy and Barmecide order, like the pale wraith of some decent dinner that had died and been buried a long while ago. There was Julienne, that refuge of the destitute in soups, a thin and vapid decoction, with a faint flavor of pot-herbs and old bones; there was filleted sole à la maître d'hôtel, with a good deal more sauce—a compound of the bill-sticker or paste-brush order—than sole; there was curry, that rock of shelter for the distressed cook—a curry which might have been veal or rabbit, or the remains of the ancient fowl that had graced the board at luncheon; and there were patties also, of a somewhat flavorless order, patties that were curiously lacking in individuality. The joint is a more serious thing, and the cook, feeling that her art was here unavailing, came to the front boldly with a very small leg of Dartmoor mutton, which gave place anon to a brace of pheasants, the produce of Lord Paulyn's gun. The sweets were various preparations of a gelatinous and farinaceous order, stately in shape and appearance, and faintly flavored with Marsala or essential oil of almonds. The dessert consisted of biscuits and almonds and raisins, a dish of wintry apples, and another of half-ripened oranges, and some fossil preparations of crystallized fruit, which looked like heirlooms that had been handed down from generation to generation of the Paulyns. This banquet—served with a solemn air and a strict observance of the proprieties by the ancient man-of-all-work and a Puritanical-looking parlor-maid, who evidently had the ancient under her thumb, and who gibed at him and scolded him ever and anon in the retirement of the sideboard—was a somewhat dreary meal; but Lord Paulyn had Elizabeth on his left hand, and found plenty to talk about with that damsel while the barren courses dragged their slow length along. Mr. Luttrell, to whom a good dinner was the very main-stay of existence, sought in vain to satisfy his appetite with the insignificant morsels of provisions that were handed him by the ancient serving-man; nor was he able to console himself for the poverty of the menu by a desperate recourse to the bottle; for the vintages which the ancient doled out to him were of so thin and sour a character that he was inclined to think the still hock was more nearly related to the dowager's own peculiar brand of cider than that lady would have cared to acknowledge. He ate his dinner, however, or made believe to eat, with a cheerful countenance, heroically concealing the anguish that gnawed him within, and did his best to make himself agreeable to Lady Paulyn, who was a strong-minded old woman, read every line of the *Times* newspaper daily, and was up in all the ins and outs of the money market, being much given to the shifting of her investments, and to cautious little speculations and dabblings on her own account. The vicar, who had never had a sixpence to invest, found it rather up-hill work to discuss foreign loans, Indian irrigation companies, and American railways with this astute financier, and was glad when the conversation drifted into a political channel, when the dowager proclaimed herself an advanced liberal, with revolutionary notions about the income tax.

He was hardly sorry when they all left the table together, after a small ration of very indifferent coffee had been served out by the ancient, in the nice, friendly Continental fashion, as the dowager remarked with a sprightly air, and he found a quiet little dark corner in the drawing-room—dimly illumined with two pair of sallow-complexioned candles, which gave a sickly light as if just recovered from the jaundice—where he sank into a peaceful and soothing slumber, while Lady Paulyn played fox-and-geese with Mrs. Chevenix, who was enraptured by this small token of favor from the dowager. Lord Paulyn insisted upon playing bezique in a remote corner with Elizabeth, leaving Diana and Hilda to languish in solitude on one of the Grecian couches, Diana making feeble little attempts at conversation, which Miss Disney would neither encourage nor assist.

Bezique, which neither of the players cared about playing, afforded a delightful opportunity for flirtation in a shadowy corner where the four languishing candles made darkness visible; and it was an opportunity which Lord Paulyn contrived to make the most of. Yet he was careful, withal, not to commit himself to any thing serious. There was always plenty of time for that kind of thing, and he had some years ago made up his mind never to marry, unless marriage should offer itself to him backed by very substantial advantages in the way of worldly wealth. But this girl, this country parson's daughter, had attracted and fascinated him as no other woman had ever done. He had, indeed, from his boyhood cherished an antipathy to feminine society, preferring to take his ease in a public billiard-room or a stable-yard rather than to sacrifice to the graces of life in a drawing-room or boudoir. He was not in the least degree like that typical Frenchman of modern French novels who spends his forenoon in arraying himself like the lilies of the field, and then sallies forth, combed and curled and perfumed, to languish in the boudoir of the young Marquise de la Rochevielle till dinner-time, and after dining elaborately at the Café Riche repairs to the side-scenes of some easy-going theatre to worship at the shrine of Mademoiselle Battemain the dancer, thus employing his life from morn till midnight in the cultivation of the tender passion.

Not often did Reginald Paulyn meet with a woman whose society he considered worth having; but there was in Elizabeth's manner something that charmed him almost as much as her beauty. She was so perfectly at ease with him, showed at times an insolent depreciation of him, which was refreshing by its novelty; received his adulation with such an air of divine right that he felt a delightful sense of security in her society. She was not trying to captivate him, like almost all the other young women of his acquaintance. Her mind was not filled to the brim with the one fact that he was the best match of the season.

"Do you think your father would let you ride," he asked, "if I were to put a couple of horses at your disposal, and a steady-going old groom I've got down here, who'd take no end of care of you?"

"I am quite sure papa would not; and even if he would, I have no time for riding."

"No time! Why, what can you find to occupy you down here?"

"I have my poor people to visit."

"What!" exclaimed the Viscount, with a look of mingled disgust and mortification. "You don't mean to say that you go in for that kind of thing? I thought your eldest sister did it all."

"I don't see why my sister should have a copyright in good works."

"No; but, really, I thought it was quite out of your line."

"Thanks for the compliment. But, you see, I am not quite so bad as I seem. I have taken to visiting some of papa's poorer parishioners lately, and I have found the work much pleasanter than I fancied it would be."

"Oh, you have taken to it lately," said Lord Paulyn, with a moody look. "I suppose it was that tall curate who put it into your head."

"Yes, it was Mr. Forde who first awakened me to a sense of my duty," replied Elizabeth, fearlessly.

"How long has he been here, that fellow?"

"What fellow?"

"The curate."

"Mr. Forde has been with us nearly two years."

After this the conversation languished a little, while Lord Paulyn meditated upon the possibilities with regard to Miss Luttrell and her father's curate. She had flashed out at him so indignantly just now, as if his disrespectful mention of this man were an offense to herself. He determined to push the question a little closer.

"I dare say he's a very decent fellow," he said, "but I could never make much way with that kind of man. They seem a distinct breed somehow, like the zebra. However, I've no doubt he's a well-meaning fellow. I thought he seemed rather sweet upon your eldest sister."

Elizabeth gave a little scornful laugh.

"Mr. Forde is not sweet upon any one," she answered; "he is a priest forever, after the order of Melchizedek—or after a more severe order, for I believe that matrimony was not forbidden to that ancient priesthood. Mr. Forde sets his face against it."

"An artful dodge upon his part, perhaps," said the Viscount, doubtfully. "I dare say he is lying in wait for a wife worth having."

His keen eyes surveyed Elizabeth's face with a searching gaze, but could not read the mystery of that splendid countenance. He would have gone on talking about the curate, but she checked him with an authoritative air.

"I wouldn't trouble myself to discuss Mr. Forde's inclinations, if I were you," she said; "you have confessed your inability to sympathize with that kind of person. He is a very noble-minded man, who has marked out a particular line of life for himself. There is nothing in common between you and him."

"Candid," said the Viscount, with a careless laugh, "but not complimentary. No, I don't suppose *my* line of life is what you'd call noble-minded; but I mean to win a Derby before I die; and I mean to win something else too"—this with the bright red-brown eyes full upon her face—"if I make up my mind to go in for it."

The wagonette was announced at this juncture, and Mr. Luttrell awoke from refreshing slumbers to gather his womankind around him and depart from the halls of Ashcombe, rejoicing in his soul at this release.

"Thank goodness, that's over!" he exclaimed, as he settled himself in a corner of the wagonette, half smothered by his sister's ample draperies and Cashmere shawl; "and if ever Lady Paulyn catches me trusting myself to her hospitality again, she may give me as miserable a dinner as she gave me to-day."

"Upon my word, Wilmot, I believe you are the most short-sighted of created beings," exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, with a profound sigh.

"It would have required an uncommonly long sight to see any thing fit to eat at that dinner," answered Mr. Luttrell. "Supper is a meal to which I have a radical objection; but if there's any thing edible in the house when we get home to-night, I shall be strongly tempted to submit my digestion to that ordeal."

"I'm sure I could eat half a barrel of oysters," exclaimed Diana, with a weary air. "I never went through such a day in my life. It's all very fine for Aunt Chevenix and Lizzie to be puffed up with the idea of having made a conquest, but any body can see that Lord Paulyn is a professed flirt, and that his attentions are as meaningless as they can be."

"These are questions," said Aunt Chevenix, with dignity, "which time alone can solve. I think we have had an extremely pleasant day, and that Lady Paulyn is a woman of wonderful force of character. Eccentric, I admit, and somewhat close in her domestic arrangements—I am afraid my cap was on one side all the evening, from the inadequacy of light on the toilet-table when I dressed for dinner—but a very remarkable woman."

"That's a safe thing to say of any body, aunt," replied Elizabeth. "Mrs. Brownrigg, who starved her apprentices to death, was a remarkable woman."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The surgeon of a ship of war used to prescribe salt-water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened by some mischance to be lost overboard. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars next day if he had heard any thing of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack; "he was drowned last night in his own medicine-chest."

What is to be?—Why, a verb.

A commission house in Detroit the other day hired a man to mark some barrels of apples, and he branded them as "greanins," "jail-flourerers," "spittsburgs," "seekfurders," and "russots." After reading off the names the senior partner requested the man to drop the brush and he would get him a situation as school-teacher.

What do little folks do before going to sleep?—Shut their eyes.

All things are systematized nowadays. Even every milk train has its cow-catcher.

Something that doesn't mind Pinching—Snuff.

A gentleman describing a wedding the other day got off the following extraordinary sentence in regard to the bride: "In her *bony* face the twin roses of health and beauty shone." He probably meant to say *bonny*—but "the confounded printers!"

An Irish writer says, "I know of no earthly reason why women should not become medical men."

Here is the newest floral "sentiment:" If you wish for heart's-ease, don't look to mari-gold.

A judge charged a jury as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, you must find that the defendant is guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. A reasonable doubt is such a doubt as will convince a reasonable man that the defendant is not guilty."

The Feast of Imagination—Having no dinner but reading a cookery book.

Adam's nativity has at last been discovered. He was, according to Darwin, a germ man.

"It is a very solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Betsy. "Yes, but it's a deal more solemn not to be," replied Miss Bartlett, a spinster of forty.

A smart boy having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The Throat.—A throat is convenient to have, especially for roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and ties it up."

Giving seventeen hundred pounds of coal for a ton is among "the weighs that are dark."

A Rhode Island man has invented a torpedo in the shape of a kernel of corn, which is designed for the beguilement of crows. As soon as that offensive bird takes hold of it, it explodes and blows the top of his head off. This affords a cheap and innocent recreation for the crow, and at the same time does away with a grievous evil.

The indolent habits of the Orientals are well illustrated by the following *bonmot*, which, in the regions of the East, has assumed the character of an adage: "No man should run when he may walk, walk when he may stand, stand when he may sit, or sit when he may lie down."

Why is a man that can't mow as good as dead?—Because he is no mower.

An Ohio poet has ground out a poemlet of thirty-six stanzas "To the memory of Edwin Sir bulwer Litten." It is as touching and sad as a cold buckwheat cake.

The minister who boasted of preaching without notes didn't mean to be understood to refer to greenbacks.

How to get a long Well—Dig it deep.

At a church collection for missions the preacher feelingly said, "My good brethern, let me caution those of you who put in buttons not to break off the eye; it spoils them for use."

A poetic Hibernian explains that love is commonly spoken of as a "flame" because it's a tinder sentiment.

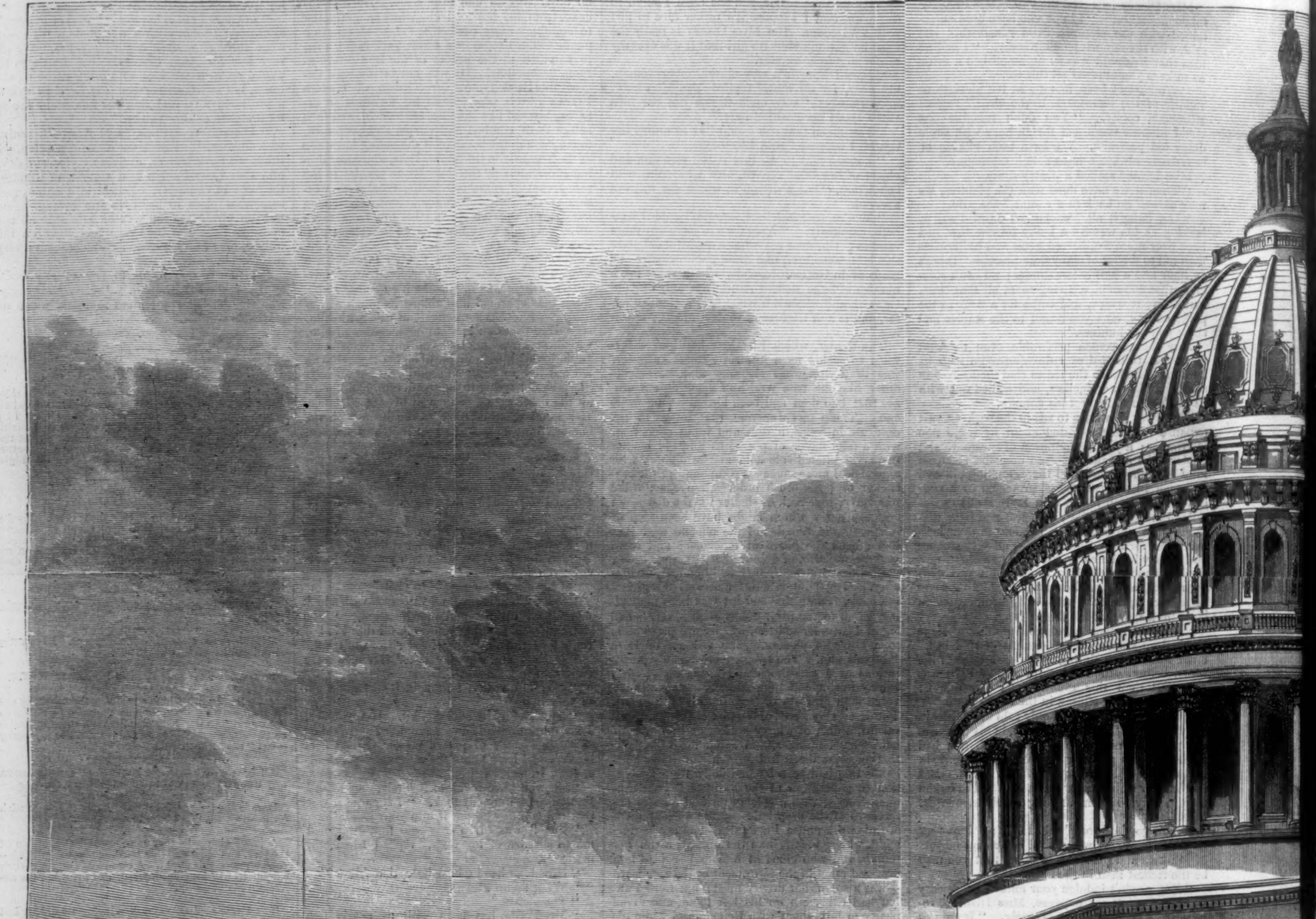
"Ah!" yawned a bachelor, "this world is but a gloomy prison." "To those in solitary confinement," added a witty young lady.

"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, "that it would be much better for the sexton, whenever any man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

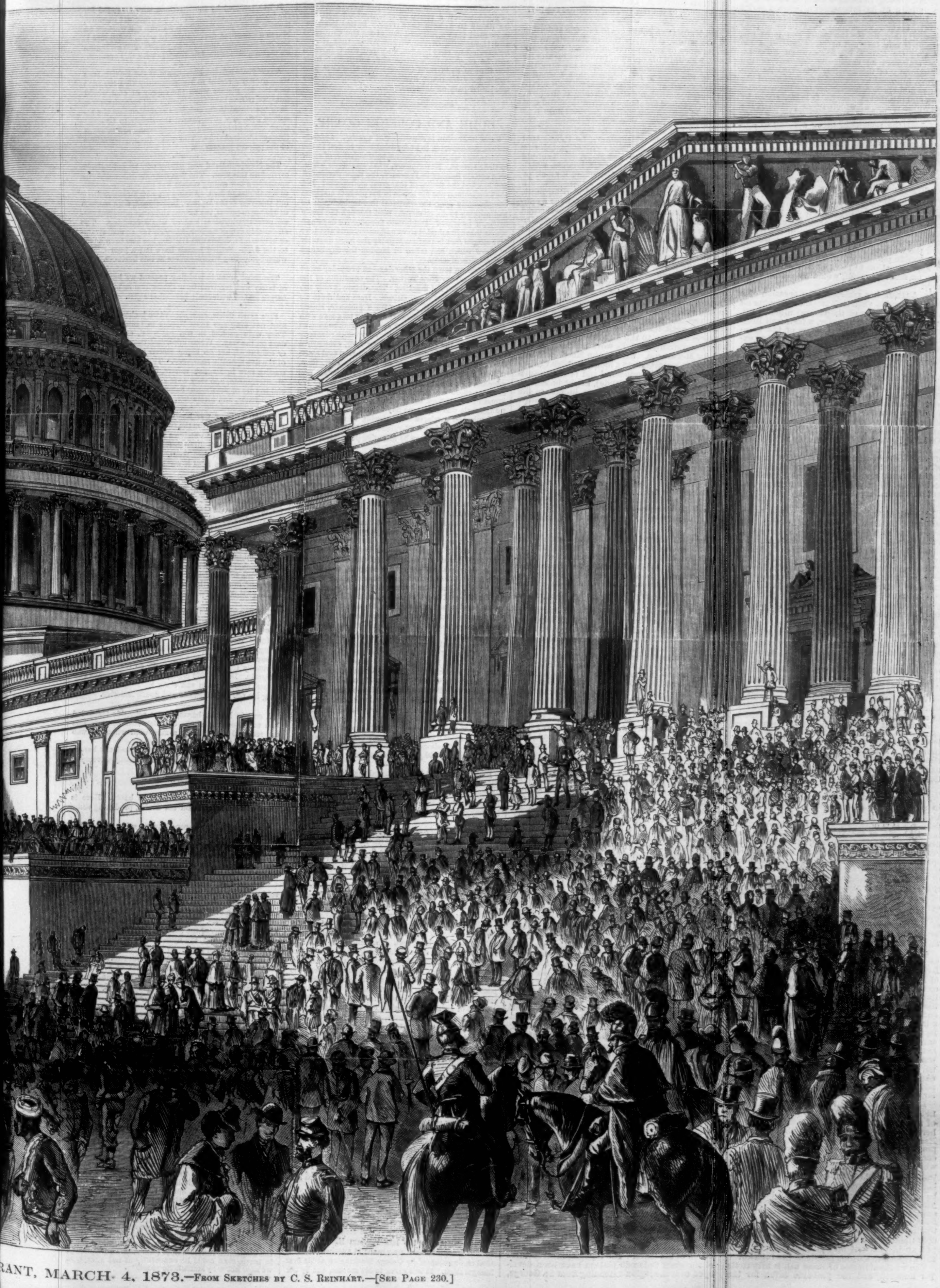
To seek the redress of grievances by going to law is like sheep running for shelter to a bramble-bush.

The newest style of bonnet is graphically described as a cross between a locomotive smoke-stack and a custard pie.

An old lady describes a genius as "a man what knows more'n he can find out, and spills vittels on his clothes."



THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT RAN



T RANT, MARCH 4, 1873.—From Sketches by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 230.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is well known that the Museum of Comparative Zoology, of Cambridge, in addition to the bulletin of its proceedings, issues a series of "Illustrated Catalogues," in small folio form. In this several valuable papers have already appeared; but by far the finest and most important is one just out of press entitled *A Revision of the Echini*, by Alexander Agassiz. This embraces an exhaustive account of the bibliography of the subject, as well as its synonymy, followed by detailed descriptions of the genera and species, both as regards the external form and internal anatomy. It is illustrated by forty-nine plates, of which seven represent the geographical distribution of the various groups of *Echini*, the remainder being devoted to representations of the species. A very important experiment has been made in this work as to the availability of different methods of photographic printing for natural history work, and, we may indeed say, with complete success. About one-third of the illustrations of species are crayon drawings on stone, one-third are Albert-types, prepared under the direction of Mr. E. Bierstadt, of New York, and the remainder are Woodbury-types, executed by Mr. John Carbutt, of Philadelphia. Nothing can exceed the perfection of finish and detail of the plates prepared by both these methods, and we are sure the work will mark an era in the history of scientific publications. The expense of even an approximation to the accuracy of these figures, on stone or metal, would have been enormous.

Mr. Agassiz has embraced the occasion of a recent extended visit to Europe to examine all the type specimens of the various museums in that country. It is, however, a fact, well illustrating the comparative richness of the Cambridge Museum, that, with only four or five exceptions, it contains every species described during the last forty years.

Among other bills lately presented to Congress is one for the establishment of a National Photographic Institute, which provides for the establishment of such an organization in Philadelphia, where the entire theory and practice of the photographic art are to be taught by competent professors, under the direction of the National Photographic Association of the United States. The bill also provides that the sum of $30,000 shall be appropriated for the purchase of a suitable building and apparatus, but that the institution shall be self-supporting, and only such fees shall be paid by the students as shall meet the actual expenses.

Philology has lost an eminent votary in the person of Dr. Edwin Norris, of London, who died on the 10th of December last, at the age of seventy-seven. This gentleman early devoted himself to various obscure branches of philology; but his life was chiefly spent in the study of the cuneiform language of Assyria, having been engaged with Sir Henry Rawlinson in publishing several works on this subject. It is to him that we owe the first attempt at an Assyrian dictionary, of which three parts have already been published.

The acquisition on the part of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York of the valuable collection of curiosities gathered in Cyprus by General Di Cesnola, is a fact of much note, especially as great efforts were made to retain it in Europe. It was purchased from the owner by Mr. John Taylor Johnson, of New York, for the sum of $50,000 in gold, and is to be exhibited in the Douglas mansion on Fourteenth Street. The collection embraces over ten thousand specimens, in great variety, including representatives of different historical epochs, and embracing objects of art from the rudest to the most finished character. Among them are large numbers of statues of various sizes, articles of pottery, ornaments, weapons of war and of the chase, bottles, coins, etc.

A new branch of business has sprung up within a few years on the eastern border of the United States in connection with the herring fishery. It is only by degrees that we are learning the habits of the American sea-herring, and determining its places of resort throughout the year, especially its localities for depositing its spawn. The Bay of Fundy and the island of Grand Menan have for many years been the seat of a profitable summer and fall fishery of herring, these being usually of a small size, and of late years taken principally in weirs. The spring fisheries are mainly conducted in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, especially in the vicinity of the Magdalen Islands, which are resorted to by hundreds of vessels for the purpose of obtaining fares.

Within a few years past it has been discovered, quite by accident, that the Passamaquoddy Bay and other localities connected with the Bay of Fundy were occupied during winter by immense schools of large herring, much finer than those taken in the autumn. This, of course, was the signal for action on the part of fishermen, and the trade has increased, year by year, so that a large number of persons are now occupied in its prosecution. The fish are taken in gill nets, and being allowed to freeze, are carried to market in that condition. As many as forty vessels were loaded this season, before the 10th of January, for Portland, Boston, and New York, all expecting to return for new cargoes: this in addition to what have been carried by the regular steamer.

It is estimated that the business has already netted the fishermen $75,000, with a prospect of as much more before its conclusion. The herring are taken within about thirty miles of Eastport, and are usually marketed from that port. They make their appearance in October, coming in in increasing numbers until April, when they apparently disappear. It is probable that the trade in frozen herring from Newfoundland will be entirely given up, as the fish can be obtained so much more easily in the Bay of Fundy, and two cargoes can be secured in the same time that one can be taken and marketed from Newfoundland, besides reaching their destination in much better condition. A considerable number are salted and smoked, and then put up in boxes of fifty or one hundred each, and shipped to various points in the interior.

The wholesale price of these fish is fifty cents per hundred, and the probable catch for the winter is estimated at 25,000,000—enough, according to Captain U. S. Treat, who is high authority in such matters, to load one hundred sail of vessels. When taken to market the price to dealers is about eighty cents per hundred, that to consumers, of course, varying with the supply.

Dr. Neumayer continues to call the attention of the public, especially that of Austria, to the importance of an exploration toward the south pole, which, in his opinion, promises results far more interesting than those upon the opposite end of the globe. He suggests that a wooden sailing vessel of about 300 tons, with an auxiliary screw, thoroughly strengthened at the bow, will be required for such an expedition, and that it should be equipped with all the most improved apparatus for ocean research. Starting at the Cape of Good Hope about the beginning of the year (or antarctic midsummer), he thinks that the various groups of islands visited by Cooper and Ross should be touched at. A dépôt should be established at the Macdonald Islands, which reach to 53° 5' south latitude, where a stock of coal should be left by means of a transport. An astronomical observatory should also be built, and a party of observation kept there for a considerable time. From this haven the vessel could move in various directions, continually prosecuting its special work. In December the attempt should be made to cross the south polar circle, to force through the girdle of pack-ice, and begin the research proper. If possible, a harbor for spending the winter inside the polar circle should be made on Kemp's or Enderby Land, and at any rate a small party might be left there, properly provided to resist the atmospheric influences. In the following December the vessel should again proceed to the south, take up the observers on Kemp's Land, and continue researches until the end of the favorable season requires a return to the Macdonald Islands, and after the conclusion of the work the party should sail for Melbourne. Should the Macdonald Islands prove unsuitable to a long stay, then Christmas Haven, in Kerguelen Land (48° 41' south latitude, 69° 3 east longitude), might be chosen for the purpose. In this case, as, indeed, in the other alternative, observations on the transit of Venus might at the proper time be included in the labors of the party.

The annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department for the year ending June 30, 1872, gives the following recapitulation of the merchant marine of the United States:

	No.	Tons.
Sailing vessels	17,049	2,146,585
Steam vessels	3,625	1,048,205
Unrigged vessels	9,174	955,242
Grand total	29,848	4,150,032

The sixth annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of Maine, for 1872, has just been published, and contains an account of what has been done by these officers in the prosecution of their trust. In a State where the increase of the present reduced stock of salmon has received so much attention, the subject of fish-ways would naturally be of prominent interest; and the Commissioners report an examination of numerous localities, with a view either of determining the deficiencies of the fish-ways already established, or the places where they should be erected.

They render their acknowledgments to Mr. Brackett, one of the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts, for furnishing to them plans of what they consider to be the best arrangement of the kind that has hitherto come under their notice. They state that a new fish-way has been built at Dennysville by Messrs. Lincoln, to replace an imperfect one previously erected. The fish-way at Milltown was kept open by the joint efforts of the fish-wardens of Maine and New Brunswick. They recommend the improvement of the fish-way at Orono, which is the only passage for the salmon of the Penobscot to the upper waters of the river, so as to make it accessible to shad and alewives.

In 1871 a number of salmon eggs were obtained by Mr. Atkins at his establishment at Orland, on the Penobscot, which hatched successfully in the spring of 1872. The survivors of these, 21,000 in number, were introduced, in May, into a small brook emptying into the Androscoggin River. Here they were visible during the whole summer and first of autumn, moving up and down the river, and daily making their appearance as high as the hatching house where they were first placed in the stream. They disappeared during the high water of the fall rains (having perhaps made their way to the ocean) to reappear at the end of two years as grilse, and subsequently as salmon. The general theory, however, is that they remain at least twelve months in rivers before going to sea.

The Commissioners publish a letter received by them from Professor Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, in reference to the importance of the erection of fish-ways, not so much for the upward passage of the salmon as for that of shad and alewives. He calls attention to the great diminution of the species of the cod-fish family on the coast of Maine, and connects this with the erection of obstructions preventing the anadromous fish from ascending the rivers. The diminution not only of the adult fish, but also of their fry, he thinks, has caused the abandonment of the coast by the outside fish that preyed upon them; and he concludes that if the fish-ways are opened and steps taken to restore the immense numbers of alewives and shad formerly existing, as well as of salmon, this renewal of their food will bring back the cod, haddock, etc., to the grounds where the fishermen of the past generation caught them in abundance.

The preliminary report of the explorations and surveys during the year 1871, in Nevada and Arizona, conducted by Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, of the engineer corps, has lately been published in quarto form by the government printer. It contains an account of the plan of the survey, as initiated by Lieutenant Wheeler in 1870, and which he has successfully continued during the year 1872. The work accomplished during 1871 embraces, among other results, the mapping out of various mining districts, and the determination of the areas, direction, and condition of the lodes. The topographical features of the great Colorado plateau have been developed over the region extending from St. George, in Utah, to the White Mountains near the border line of Arizona and New Mexico, and much information has been gathered as to the geology of this plateau, and of numerous inclosed and interior basins in Nevada. The exploration of the Colorado has determined the absolute limit beyond which a party of examination will not be likely to ascend that river. It has been ascertained that a railroad can cross the Colorado and the mouth of the Virgin River, that it can be carried by easy grades, and that the Colorado can be crossed by a north and south line near the foot of the Grand Cañon; and also that this route may be made available for mails to the northern part of Arizona.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Snow in London is something of a rarity. Londoners are not expected to understand how to deal in the best manner with an unexpected accumulation of snow in their streets. Nevertheless, what *was* done when, on a certain Sunday in February, the snow descended and blocked the streets of that great metropolis? Did the Englishman put his hands in his pockets and gaze complacently upon the whitened thoroughfares, if he had nothing to do, or stolidly pled through the heavy drifts, if he must? Did horses flounder for days and weeks through mingled snow and water, mud and ice? The simple fact is that on Monday the large quantity of snow which had fallen in London the day before *was all cleared away.*

We rode up town the other day—an every-day event in the life of any New Yorker. The condition of the streets—we will not describe. The picture is only too vivid to the eye of every citizen. Here and there we noted a man at work: one with a pick-axe, slowly digging up the ice; a few blocks farther on a man with a broom, sweeping the mud around promiscuously; then another one with a shovel. We were particularly interested in the operations of one man, evidently a public worker. He manipulated a common coal shovel; he gathered a little pile of mud together, then, taking a shoveful, he walked about six paces, and gave it a toss toward the other side of the street. We suppose there was another man on that side of the street to toss it back again. Not a cart for conveying away débris was to be seen any where. But handsome mud-splashed carriages were passing to and fro, and ladies in elegant but mud-ruined attire were escorted over unsightly crossings by attentive policemen.

The supper for the Inauguration Ball was all cooked in New York. What it all cost might be difficult to determine, but the preparing and baking alone cost $10,000. Was there supper enough? Judge for yourself from the following list of articles sent to Washington from this city: 10,000 fried oysters; 8000 scalloped oysters; 8000 pickled oysters; 65 boned turkeys, of twelve pounds each; 75 roast turkeys, about twelve pounds each; 150 roast capons, stuffed with truffles; 15 saddles of mutton, about one hundred pounds each; 40 pieces spiced beef, forty pounds each; 200 dozen quails, larded and roasted; 100 game pâtés, fifty pounds each; 300 tongues, ornamented with jelly; 200 hams, ornamented with jelly; 30 salmon, baked, Montpelier butter; 100 chickens, chaud et froid; 400 partridges (Washington style); 25 boars' heads, stuffed and ornamented; 40 pâtés de foie gras, ten pounds each; 2000 head-cheese sandwiches; 3000 ham sandwiches; 3000 beef-tongue sandwiches; 1500 bundles celery; 30 barrels salad; 2 barrels lettuce; 350 chickens, boiled for salad; 2000 pounds of lobsters, boiled for salad; 6000 eggs, boiled for salad; 1 barrel of beets; 2500 loaves of bread; 8000 rolls; 24 cases Prince Albert crackers; 1000 pounds of butter; 300 Charlottes-Russes, one and a half pounds each; 200 moulds wine jelly; 200 moulds blanc-mange; 300 gallons ice-cream, assorted; 200 gallons ices, assorted; 400 pounds mixed cakes; 150 large cakes, ornamented; 60 large pyramids, assorted; 25 barrels Malaga grapes; 15 cases oranges; 5 barrels apples; 400 pounds mixed candies; 10 boxes raisins; 200 pounds shelled almonds; 300 gallons claret punch; 300 gallons coffee; 200 gallons tea; 100 gallons chocolate.

Reports vary, but it is estimated that 7000 people attended the Inauguration Ball. The building was large enough, the largest ever erected for such a purpose, being 350 feet in length and 150 in width, and complete in arrangements for comfort and convenience.

How is it pronounced? People can adopt the method that suits their fancy, since, according to the Washington correspondent of a Boston newspaper, "Crédit Mobilier" is variously pronounced in Congressional circles. For example: John B. Alley, Credit Mo-beel-yia; Judge Poland, Credit Mo-bil-air; Oakes Ames, Credit Mo-bil-ay; General Banks, Credit Mo-bil-ly-a; Sidney Dillon, Credit Mo-bil-eer; Senator Stevenson, Cred-dy Mo-bill-ee.

It is rumored that at some of the places of amusement in Chicago ladies who wear high bonnets are obliged to take a back seat. The annoyance occasioned by the exalted style of head-rigging now prevalent is immense at concerts, lectures, and theatrical performances, to say nothing about church, where too often, we are sorry to say, many have no higher purpose than to see high hats and bonnets. But this constant dodging from one side to another to catch a glimpse of a speaker or a singer is not only fatiguing, but aggravating. Moreover, a person with the least sensibility becomes painfully conscious that *his* incessant dodging causes a similar movement to be necessary to the individual immediately behind him. But it is useless to complain until fashion dictates some covering for the head which will not interfere with the comfort of others.

To eyes accustomed to United States greenbacks and currency the Japanese script has a curious aspect. For example, a ten-cent note of Japan is made of heavy yellow silk paper, about two and a half inches long by one and a half wide. It is printed in black letters quite tastefully. Upon one end is a peculiarly shaped adhesive stamp, printed in purple, with a curious arabesque design, in which the words "Imperial Treasury of Japan" (in English) are frequently repeated. These seals are imprinted on the note in red ink.

Those who have tried it say that along the railroad from Boston to Portland the snow is even with the top of the cars "for miles and miles." Cheerful prospect, very.

Many years ago the late William H. C. Waddell, United States Marshal, purchased at auction the identical chair occupied by George Washington at his first inauguration. It was given to his mother, and by her tendered to be used on the occasion of President Grant's second inauguration. The history of the chair is authenticated, and it will be kept for use on future 4ths of March.

It was resolved by the marshals who arranged for the inaugural procession "that no overcoats be worn, if the weather permitted." We think the weather on March 4 permitted overcoats *to be* worn, and doubt if any one marching through the streets of Washington on that day will incline to disagree with this opinion.

A few years ago the inhabitants of the British Isles were greatly alarmed at the possibility that the time was not far distant when the supply of coal would fail. To relieve the public mind, royal commissioners were appointed to investigate the matter, and the result is that they have figured the supply to be sufficient, at the present rate of consumption, to last about thirteen hundred years. This quiets the apprehensions of the present generation.

The Newfoundland seal fishery will be extensively carried on this year. The fleet consists of twenty-one steamers, a few sailing vessels, and probably from nine to ten thousand men. Among the new steamers fitted out this year is the *Neptune*, bark-rigged, with engines of 120 horse-power, the largest and most powerful vessel ever employed at seal or whale catching. The steam-ship *City of Halifax*, formerly Inman mail steamer between St. Johns and Halifax, has also been added to the fleet. Sailing vessels have but a poor chance when competing with steamers in this business.

The most sensible wedding present we have heard of lately was received by a Pennsylvania bride—two barges loaded with coal; her father's gift.

Five small fishes, each about two inches long, were sent not long ago from Naples to London by post. They were packed in wet sea-weed, and were five days on the way. When unpacked they seemed rather exhausted, but on being placed in water four out of the five speedily recovered. These fishes were of a species rare in English waters, but abundant in the Mediterranean, and they were sent to illustrate a special lecture of the Crystal Palace Company's School of Art, Science, and Literature.

A man in Troy was lately injured severely by the falling of an icicle from the fourth story of a building. The icicle chanced to strike a slanting blow upon the face, cutting a gash through the cheek and upper lip, and knocking out two teeth. Had the blow fallen squarely upon the head it would probably have killed him.

Professor Brackett, of Bowdoin College, has just received from England a new automatic spectroscope for the college. It is said to be the best in the world, and consists of six prisms, through which the ray of light traverses twice before it is received by the telescope.

Deaf-mutes receive a regular collegiate education in the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington. The conditions for admission are the same as at other colleges, and the same time allotted to the course. Many of the graduates fill positions of high responsibility.

The expenses of the Vienna Exhibition are estimated at seven millions of dollars.

House rents in Berlin are constantly and rapidly rising; consequently, the lower classes find it almost impossible to maintain a comfortable condition. Undoubtedly this is one reason why so many Germans emigrate. During 1872 eighty thousand Germans embarked from Bremen and sixty thousand from Hamburg for the United States and South America.

A certain French baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakspeare."

"Impossible!"

"I speak the truth, monsieur le baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing some papers.

"But," replied the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, monsieur?"

"Your father," said the baron, in a mild tone; "he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was for a moment disconcerted, then exclaimed, with vivacity:

"I comprehend. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is of Shakspeare certainly, but of Shakspeare as a child about twelve or fourteen years old; whereas this is that of Shakspeare when he had attained a certain age and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud."

The baron bought the second head.

The London *Lancet* gives an account of the death of a young lady at Exeter, induced by nitrous oxide gas administered to her while undergoing a dental operation. The first symptom the patient presented under the influence of the gas was rapidity of pulse, with diminution of volume. But the immediate cause of death was clearly paralysis of respiration. There was no obstruction of the air passages, yet, as was remarked at the inquest, she was as powerless to breathe as though she had been immersed in water. The *Lancet* says:

> "The most important lesson afforded by this painful case is that we have yet a great deal to learn before we have perfected anæsthesia. Toward such learning the reintroduction of nitrous oxide has been a serious check. Nitrous oxide, indeed, is not an anæsthetic at all. A true anæsthetic is an agent which suspends common sensibility without, by any necessity, interfering with those organic processes on the continuance of which life depends. Nitrous oxide acts not in this way, but by suspending for a brief period one of the most important of the organic processes, that of respiration itself. For the reason named, the insensibility produced by the gas is afforded during an interval of partial death. This interval, transient, doubtful, dangerous, may allow an operator time for a short operation, and, the agent away, the suspended function may return. Usually the suspended function does return, more frequently, in truth, than could be expected, but not always, as we now know by lamentable proof."

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Last.

ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER VII.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

It was passing from utter wretchedness to a joy that I scarcely hoped to feel again, to find my dear old Uncle Jeffery in England. It was one more friend than I had bargained for; the one friend that remained, and that seemed sent by Heaven to take care of me in my willfulness and trouble. I had quarreled with every body else—with Abel Westmair again, for the last time and in earnest!—and here was the patient, kind, thoughtful old friend, whom it would have been better if I had never left.

His sudden appearance, my joy at meeting him, the hope and strength he seemed to give me by his presence, the knowledge that there was no mystery in his character, and that I might trust him with my life, added to the excitement of my late altercation with Abel Westmair, wholly unnerved me, and I cried very spasmodically for a while, with his arms holding me to his breast, and his big large-veined hands patting me gently on the back, as though I had been a child still.

Abel Westmair brought me a glass of water, and I took it without thanking him, I remember, and then sat down with Uncle Jef and recovered myself by degrees, until a sense of eternal peace seemed to settle on me. It was the glorious calm after all the storms of my poor life; here would be never suspense and want of confidence, and anger at my disobedience and caprice.

"Where have you been?" I asked, half reproachfully, half joyfully: "why did you leave me so long without a friend in the world?"

Abel Westmair walked out of the room, and slammed the door behind him.

"Who is that?" asked my uncle; "is not he a friend, Faith?"

I shook my head sadly.

"I thought that he was once," I replied; "but he is unkind and exacting, and I shall be glad to quit the house."

"Certainly, my dear; but Mr. Westmair—"

"Oh! he will not mind my going," I said; "I have been talking of leaving this very evening."

"That's singular; I might have missed you, after all. Do you feel better?"

"I am very well; I am quite happy, uncle."

"That's good news, my dear."

"Tell me where you have been—why my letters and my troubles did not reach you."

"They did reach me, child," said my uncle; "they were all together at Pietermaritzburg when I got back a little while ago—a heap of horrors, which brought me to England immediately. I have been in the interior of Africa, Faith, since you and I met last. An old friend—a worthy and devout man—induced me to accompany him into the heart of the country, whither he was bound on an exploring expedition, and where, in my humble way, I thought that good work might be done. I was not successful in my work; the tribes were hostile; the fever came and left me prostrate; and when I was better, but too weak to move, my companion was dead, and I was a prisoner. That's all."

"But you got back to Pietermaritzburg at last."

"Yes, almost by a miracle. Your letters had been kept for me, and there was bad news for my welcome—my brother's sin and weakness, you alone in the great city without a friend, and Katie missing—"

"Have you heard all?" I asked, at this.

"Yes, all, Faith," answered my uncle; "I found your father at his new works at Bow. He is doing very well, he says, but hardly what he expected. He told me of poor Katie's death, and where it was probable that I should find you."

"Was he glad to see you?" I asked, curiously.

"He was very much astonished, and a little angry at first, because I had not given him notice of my coming, and the surprise was a serious shock to his system; but he got over it, and told me the news."

"What did he say of me?"

"That you had been any thing save a good daughter to him, but that he forgave you and sent you his blessing," said Jeffery Kirby, dryly.

I was hysterical that evening, and my uncle's manner, or the absurdity of the message, made me laugh. They had not been laughing days lately, and I could have followed even then with a shower of tears—I was so weak and nervous altogether. It was when I was laughing that the door opened, and Abel Westmair re-entered the room, took a seat facing me and my uncle, and did not appear to admire my hilarity.

"This is a happy meeting indeed," he said, satirically; "I have not seen Miss Kirby in such spirits before. I congratulate her on your return, for you are Jeffery Kirby, I presume?"

"At your service, Mr. Westmair."

My uncle stood up and made Abel Westmair a bow, and Abel rose and bowed stiffly in return, after which they both sat down again. I had some difficulty in restraining a second laugh, so keen was my sense of the ridiculous that night, or so shaken were my nerves.

"Miss Kirby has been waiting for you many weary months," Abel said. "She has not been happy here, but she has put up with us, and tried to make friends of us—if unsuccessfully, why, that is more our fault than hers."

"Faith Kirby was never hard to please in my time," said my uncle, simply; "doubtless it was the fault of the family. Pray make no apologies on that score; I am sure that my niece— My dear," he said, turning to me, "you are crying again."

"No, I am not," I answered, very quickly.

He turned to Abel Westmair—

"I am sure that my niece does not require an apology, and is deeply sensible of that kindness which placed her here, even after my brother Jonathan's ingratitude."

"You consider that your brother was ungrateful?"

"I consider that he was highly criminal."

"Thank you," said Abel, coldly.

Jeffery Kirby regarded Abel with no small attention; the manner of the speaker was grim and uncongenial, but Abel Westmair had been soured that evening. He resented my uncle's arrival. I had already offended him by my line of action and my angry words, and the great change was upon us.

"And I consider, Sir," my uncle continued, "that your efforts to secure a mitigation of my brother's punishment reflect great credit upon you, and lay us all under a deep sense of obligation which it is impossible to repay."

"Thank you," said Abel, still more coldly.

"And I consider, also—"

"You will excuse my interrupting you, Mr. Kirby," said Abel, "but this is a subject at all times distressing to your niece, and vexatious to me. There is no occasion to pursue it."

"Save to express my thanks, if you will allow me."

"No, Sir, I will not allow you," answered Abel Westmair. "I do not care for thanks. You may be sorry an hour hence that you have offered them. Your brother Jonathan has thanked me once or twice."

"My dear," said my uncle, turning to me, "I think that we will see about going now."

"Going—where?" asked Abel, peremptorily.

"I have taken a little cottage on Wandsworth Common for a few weeks."

"You thought that Miss Kirby would be ready to leave at a moment's notice, then?"

"I was not quite certain of that, Mr. Westmair," said my uncle, doubtfully, "but I was sure that at the first opportunity she would be glad to spend a few days with me."

"She is going away for good," he said, addressing my uncle, but looking toward me for an answer.

"Very well; so much the better, if she is not happy here—and I don't see much to make her happy," said my uncle, looking round the drawing-room, as if it might be in some corner that he had not hitherto perceived. "Faith being fond of light and cheerful people, and—I beg pardon, I convey no reproach by that. I am sure that you have done your best."

"I have done my best—at times," added Abel Westmair, in a deep voice.

"There is my address, Mr. Westmair," said my uncle Jeffery, taking a paper from his pocket; "you may desire to communicate with me—it may be necessary for us to mention your name in a reference for Faith, in good time, and when we are getting poor. For, upon my honor, I am far from rich, and her father's support is somewhat doubtful.'

Abel took the paper, and put it in his pocket without glancing at it.

"You are not aware that your niece is engaged to be married to my nephew, Martin Westmair," said Abel; "it will be an excellent match in all respects, and one which meets with every body's approval."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Uncle Jef; "no, I was certainly not aware of this. Faith, you did not say—why, what is the matter now?—really, I do not seem to make out the position very clearly."

"Nothing—nothing is the matter," I said, brushing away the angry tears again, and rising to my feet, very firm at last—possibly very white, for both my uncle and Abel Westmair regarded me with close attention—"only Mr. Westmair is mistaken, that is all. I can not explain now. I will tell you every thing at home."

"At home," muttered Abel in a low tone.

"I will get my hat and cloak and come at once," I said, impatiently; "one of the servants will pack my box, and send it after me to-morrow.—I hope you will allow this," I said to Abel, almost hoping already that he would not.

"The servant will make mistakes, but as you please," he replied; "and with reference to your account with me, I will forward you a draft to-morrow morning."

I did not answer him. The money value for my services was a painful topic that I dared not dwell upon. I went to my room, where a strange and sudden heart-sinking told me that I was not as anxious to be free as I had imagined. I made all the haste that I could to the drawing-room, beset by a new fear of what Abel might say to Uncle Jef during my absence. They were facing each other, and were both silent, as I entered. Neither was looking particularly elated by the other's society.

"You will have a pleasant journey *home*," said Abel to me with emphasis, after I had entered; "it is a beautiful night."

I felt my feet tremble beneath me as I walked slowly toward him. I was sorry that I was going then; it was not so easy to part as in my indignation I thought that it would be. I felt myself ungrateful and unkind. I forgot every cruel word that he had said. I only remembered all his old deep interest.

"It is leaving very suddenly," I said, very humbly now; "you will not mind?"

"It is a little sudden," he replied.

"You will tell Ettie—" and then I could get on no further, and stopped.

"I will present your compliments," he said, turning from me as he spoke.

I made a gesture for my uncle to approach me, and the poor, bewildered man came to my side, and offered me his arm for that support which he saw that I needed very much. I would have given worlds to stay then—to say something that would have sounded like my gratitude and friendship, but I was wholly tongue-tied.

"Stop one moment," said Abel, in the same cold tones; "there is one friend whom you have forgotten, Miss Kirby. You are a favorite of his, and he may feel somewhat hurt at your unceremonious departure."

"Your father," I murmured.

"Yes; I have sent for him."

The door opened, and old Mr. Westmair, whom in my confusion I had unaccountably forgotten, came into the room, and stood looking from one to another of us, one more item in the general bewilderment.

"What is it, Abel—what is it?" he asked.

"Miss Kirby is going away at once, and wishes to bid you good-by before she leaves," Abel explained.

"But—but—"

"But it is necessary, and Mr. Jeffery Kirby has called for her, as you see."

"Mr. Jeffery Kirby, of—of Dorset! Oh, my God!—not he;" cried the old man, "it can't be he, after all these years."

He tottered toward us, and peered into my uncle's face—that face which I knew by tradition was very like my grandfather's—gave an awful scream, sank down on his knees, and said, "Forgive me, Jeffery—say that you have come back from the grave to offer me forgiveness! I—I repented years and years ago. I did, indeed."

"Repented of what?" said Abel Westmair, crossing to his father's side.

"Of robbing him—of taking from him the secret of the polish—when he was very ill, and thought that he could trust me. It was his discovery," he cried, "not ours, and I have gone mad since with the bitter shame of it. Oh, Jeffery, forgive me!"

"Heaven forgive us all!" said Jeffery Kirby; "but I don't see—I don't understand—this is a very extraordinary house!"

"Leave us, please," said Abel Westmair, sternly; "my father is easily excited, and you see that his mind is weak. Pray leave us without another word."

My uncle and I went slowly from the drawing-room, and as I looked back at the door, Abel Westmair was standing by his father's side, and bending over him, with one arm round his neck.

"Father, can this be true?" I heard him say.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER LIFE.

Was this the solution of the Westmair mystery, or the raving of one demented? Did all that the old man had confessed in his terror explain many things which had been heretofore incomprehensible? It seemed a something like the truth; musing upon it, I could follow out the story from the early days, backed by my uncle's memory of a past which he had shared and I had not. He could remember old Mr. Westmair as a struggling manufacturer in a little town in Dorset, and my grandfather and his father a poor but clever man in his employ. My uncle had many stories to relate of his father's love for experiments, and, after all, had not an old recipe of my grandfather's helped on my own father's fortunes and misfortunes? When my grandfather was ill, Jeffery Kirby remembered that the old man had been anxious to see his employer, and he had a faint reminiscence of Mr. Westmair calling, and he, as a boy, showing him up stairs into the sick-room. What passed between them neither he nor any one had known from that day.

Strange if the dying man had had faith in his discovery, and communicated the secret to his master, to do all that he could with it and in his business for the benefit of the family; stranger still, that in robbing the Westmairs my unhappy father had only been participating in those profits of a business which should have made him rich instead of his employers. My romantic fancy built up the story, piece by piece, but Abel Westmair did not come to confirm it, and I felt that at any cost to himself he would not have kept the truth away. I told Uncle Jef this, and though he was a simple-minded, earnest man, he shook his head at my assertion, and smiled at it..

"That would be unlike Mr. Westmair, I think," he remarked.

"He is the very man to own it, and to make every restitution in his power."

"My dear, he appears to me to be the very man not to say any thing about it," was the reply.

"He is the soul of honor!" I cried.

My uncle put on his spectacles in order to inspect me the more clearly. My defense had surprised him.

"I thought that you disliked Abel Westmair?" he said.

"No, I never said that I disliked him."

"You did not seem to regard him with any great degree of reverence on the night I called for you at Broomfield."

"We had had a few words that day. He was in the wrong—or I was—I don't know."

"Probably you were both in the wrong," said my uncle, dryly. "I have known such cases before."

"It is probable," I responded, with a sigh.

I had missed Broomfield, peaceful as had been my life with Uncle Jeffery. There were regrets connected with it. I had not left under pleasant circumstances, or defended myself gracefully against Abel Westmair's sarcasms. I had gone away as I had entered the establishment—like a spitfire.

I was glad of Uncle Jef's companionship; it was satisfactory to be his housekeeper once more, to see to his wants, and to know that I was like a daughter to him, and might rely upon him in my troubles, though I had not told him of them yet awhile, and he had not asked me any thing concerning them; but I missed Broomfield none the less, missed even its turmoil and conflict when the master was angry. Looking back, I appeared to have fled from the haven, and to have deserted Ettie, who had loved me much. I was aggrieved that no one wrote from Broomfield; I would have even forgiven Martin for doing so, if he had sent me news of the old home and of those who had made it home to me. But every one was silent, though my address was known, though I had not removed from Wandsworth, from which my uncle was now considering the expediency of an early departure, a little chapel in the country having been offered to him through his old society. Abel Westmair had sent me a check for my salary, "with compliments and thanks," the day following my departure, my boxes had arrived the same evening, and then they might have all died for what I knew or had heard of them. I was completely sundered from them, and I was far from happy, I confess again. It was my fate to be forever a dissatisfied woman.

I opened my heart to Uncle Jeffery at last, and told him of my promise to Katie, and all that Abel had intended by saying that I was engaged to Martin Westmair—all that story with which Martin's life and mine were connected. This was one bright winter morning, two months after I had left Westmair's.

"Now, tell me what to do," I said, when I had concluded. "Tell me what in your honest nature seems best."

It was a problem that he could not solve on the instant. He rubbed his gray hairs the wrong way with his hands; he put on his spectacles to assist his judgment and to take stock of his niece. In Abel Westmair and my poor sister Kate's fashion, in Martin Westmair's possibly, and his mother's surely, he could only read the story one way, and I could not assist him to read it in another.

"You loved this Martin Westmair once, Faith?"

"Yes, very dearly."

"And love him still?"

"No."

"Really no?" said my uncle.

"Really no," I repeated.

"Then you must love some one else," he said.

"Oh, no, no! don't think that. Whom have I seen to love in my life?"

"Well, you know better than I do," replied my uncle. "It can not be that sour-tempered Abel. He's too old and ugly for you; no one would ever think of loving such a man as he is."

"What a dislike you must have taken to him at first sight!" I said.

"That would have been unjust," replied Uncle Jef; "but I thought his manner most ungracious and rude."

"He had been disturbed that day; he was scarcely himself."

"Was he not? I shall be curious to see the gentleman again. At present his virtues and accomplishments do not impress me favorably."

My uncle took off his spectacles and put them into their case.

"What a bright day, is it not, Faith?" he said, irrelevantly.

I regarded him timidly.

"You have not advised me what to do when Martin Westmair comes."

"Marry him."

"Oh! I can't do that; I can never think of him again."

"Then tell him that you like his uncle better!"

"Oh! pray don't believe for an instant that I care for Abel Westmair," I cried, with excitement. "He is too old—he is ill-tempered, and harsh, and inconsiderate, and—and—"

"And every thing that's bad," added my uncle.

"I don't say that."

"What is it that you do say, Faith?"

"If we could go away from this place—if we could disappear from both of them!"

"Forever?"

"Forever!"

"No, you don't care for either of them," said Jeffery, "but it's rather difficult to vanish away altogether, as I did, against my will, in the hot heart of Africa. I will think what is best and what is most honorable. I should like to see this Martin Westmair; it may be only a morbid fancy that keeps you two apart."

"You will not believe me, then?" I said, reproachfully.

"What does your father think about it?"

"I have not consulted him."

"There's a very good chance of doing so," said my phlegmatic uncle, "for he is coming up the garden now."

"My father?" I exclaimed, running to the window.

CHAPTER IX.

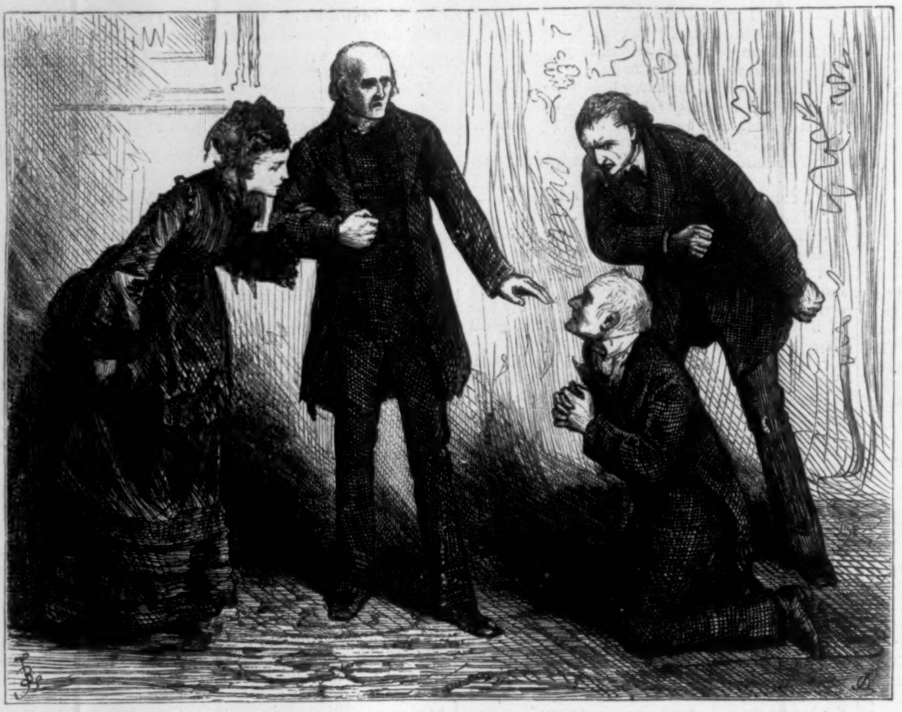
CONFESSION.

Yes, it was Jonathan Kirby, approaching the house with slow and cautious steps, and leaning on a stick for support. He was not looking well; prosperity had not brought him a greater degree of strength, but turned him of a dingy slate-color, and set his eyes farther back in his head. He was well dressed, even elaborately dressed for a man of his age, and there was a brougham from which he had stepped outside our little cottage. He had not been kind to me of late days; in the time of his prosperity—if it were prosperity—he seemed to have forgotten me entirely; his heart had been closed to my troubles, and even to Katie's, in the great affliction which had wrought many changes; but he was my father still, and the change in him distressed me. He had come of his own free-will to see us also, and I ran and opened the door, and met him half-way along the garden path.

"It is kind of you to come, father," I cried, as I advanced; "I hope that you are well."

I should have kissed him had he allowed me, but he shrank back, and held his right hand before him to keep me at a distance.

"Yes, yes, but don't come any nearer, Faith,"



"FORGIVE ME, JEFFERY!"

he said; "I must not be shaken, or I fall to pieces like a d—d glass bottle. Let me get into the house my own way. I am infernally bad—there's no enjoyment in life—don't touch me, please. I can get along my own way best."

I allowed him to proceed after his own fashion, and he followed me into the house with cautious steps, and deposited himself with exceeding care in the easiest chair that he could find in the room. After taking off his hat, and arranging his wig to his satisfaction, he held out one finger to his brother Jeffery.

"Ah, Jef!—you are here, are you?" he said; "taking care of Faith?—that's a good fellow! She has stopped longer with you than any body else, but she doesn't agree with people long—that's her failing. We all have our little failings."

"Your daughter is one of the best little women in the world."

"So she ought to be. She comes of a good stock," said Jonathan Kirby, conceitedly.

"And, please God—"

"Oh! don't begin to please God any thing," said his brother, querulously. "I haven't come to be preached at, or to listen to any of your long-winded orations. I can't be excited. I must not be surprised. I am a victim to perfect rest. I might as well be an oyster."

He half closed his eyes, and proceeded to draw off a pair of tight-fitting French kids with grave deliberation. Presently he opened his eyes again, and said to me,

"How long do you think he will be?"

"Think who will be?" I inquired.

"Abel Westmair."

"Abel Westmair!" I exclaimed—"coming to this house now!"

"Yes—don't scream, Faith; every high note jars upon me, and you shriek abominably. Haven't you heard from him?"

"No."

"Nor you?" he said to Jeffery.

"Not a line."

"I wonder what the devil's game he is up to, then," said Jonathan Kirby, nibbling at his finger-nails; "and why he appoints this place to meet, without telling you or Jeffery! If he has brought me all this way for nothing, it will be a bad day for him presently."

"I think that I can guess," I cried; "uncle, he's coming to—"

"Yes, I dare say he is," said Jeffery, interrupting me; "but we'll leave all speculation as to his motives till he appears. I would prefer it."

"Is it any thing to do with you, Jef?" asked Jonathan Kirby, wonderingly.

"It may be," was the thoughtful reply; "it is very doubtful. It will be an act of justice with which I can not credit Abel Westmair, though."

"You do not know Abel Westmair, uncle," I said.

"No; but you do, I begin to suspect," he said, with an odd smile that embarrassed me.

"If you are looking for any justice from Abel Westmair, you are likely to be very much mistaken," said my father—"it is not in his line. No one has suffered more from him than I have—he is my bitterest enemy. He has been worse than poison to me, curse him!"

As he struck his stick upon the floor, my uncle said, warmly,

"I will not have any more of this, Jonathan—not in my house."

"I shall say what I like."

"I will read you a chapter from the Bible upon uncharitableness—there is a great lesson for you in it."

"No—no—don't do that," cried Jonathan with alacrity; "I would much rather that you did not, Jeffery. I will not say another word."

My uncle did not read the Bible to his brother, who had composed himself by degrees, keeping his watchful eyes upon the window that looked upon our little front garden, and the high-road where his brougham was waiting. He was only interested in Abel Westmair's advent; he had no questions to ask my uncle and me; he saw that we were alive, and how we were living, or were likely to live, was not his business.

"He requested my presence on a matter of great importance," he said, suddenly; "that's the odd part of it—of great importance, and here. If he had come round to the factory, or had me up at his place, I could have understood his game. I suppose he finds that I am in the way of his profits, and wants to buy me out—that is what I have been expecting for the last two months. The polish is not quite so good, certainly, but it's close upon it, and it's fifteen shillings a gallon cheaper, and that catches his best customers. All his customers have had circulars."

"How did you obtain their names and addresses?" asked Jeffery.

"I copied the list long ago," said Jonathan.

"Before you went to prison?"

Jonathan Kirby flinched at this direct question. "Yes, before then," he muttered, in reply.

"It has been arranged very neatly," said my uncle, caustically, "but it was the act of a scamp."

"Ah! I'm not going to fly into a passion," replied my father, mildly. "I can't afford to do it in my present state of health. Heap upon me what insults you please, a wise man does not expect manners from South Africa. Kate would have taken my part if she had lived. Poor dear Katie, how I have missed her! She knew how ill-treated I had been—how a polish recipe of some sort had been in our family as soon as in the Westmair's; how—what on earth are you turning green about, Faith?"

"He is coming," I said, nervously.

"Of course he is. What have I been waiting all this time for?"

I had seen Abel Westmair approaching the house. He had altered and aged very much, or the distance between him and me gave me that impression. It was not the Abel Westmair whom I had ever seen; he did not hold his head as high; he stooped more, or all was an illusion.

I forestalled our little maid-servant by running and opening the door for him. I don't know why I was in so great a hurry; I wished that I had not done so afterward, for we had not parted on the best of terms. I had acted ungratefully, he had resented it, and I had gone away without wishing him good-by.

"Miss Kirby," he said, regarding me sorrowfully, so strangely sorrowfully that my heart sank within me, "your father has arrived, I hope?"

"Yes."

"And your uncle is here?"

"Yes," I said again.

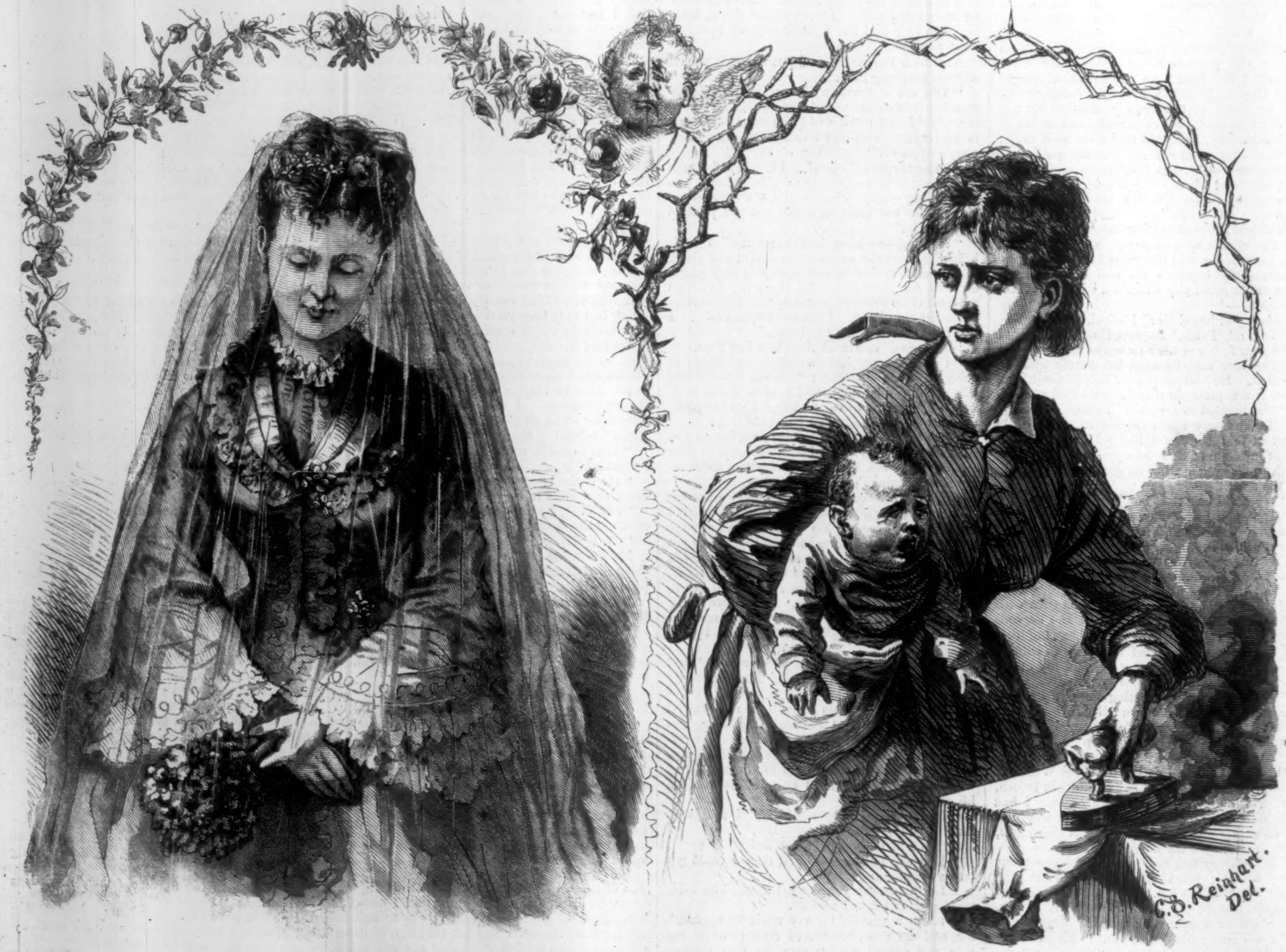
He did not offer to shake hands with me. He followed me into the small front parlor, where were those of whom he had come in search. I placed a chair for him, and he sank into it wearily, like a man who had come a long journey.

"I have called to make restitution for a wrong," he said, in a hollow voice.

"Is it true, then, that—" I began, when he interrupted me in his old sharp manner, that would never allow me the last word.

"It is all true," he answered. "My father is a robber!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]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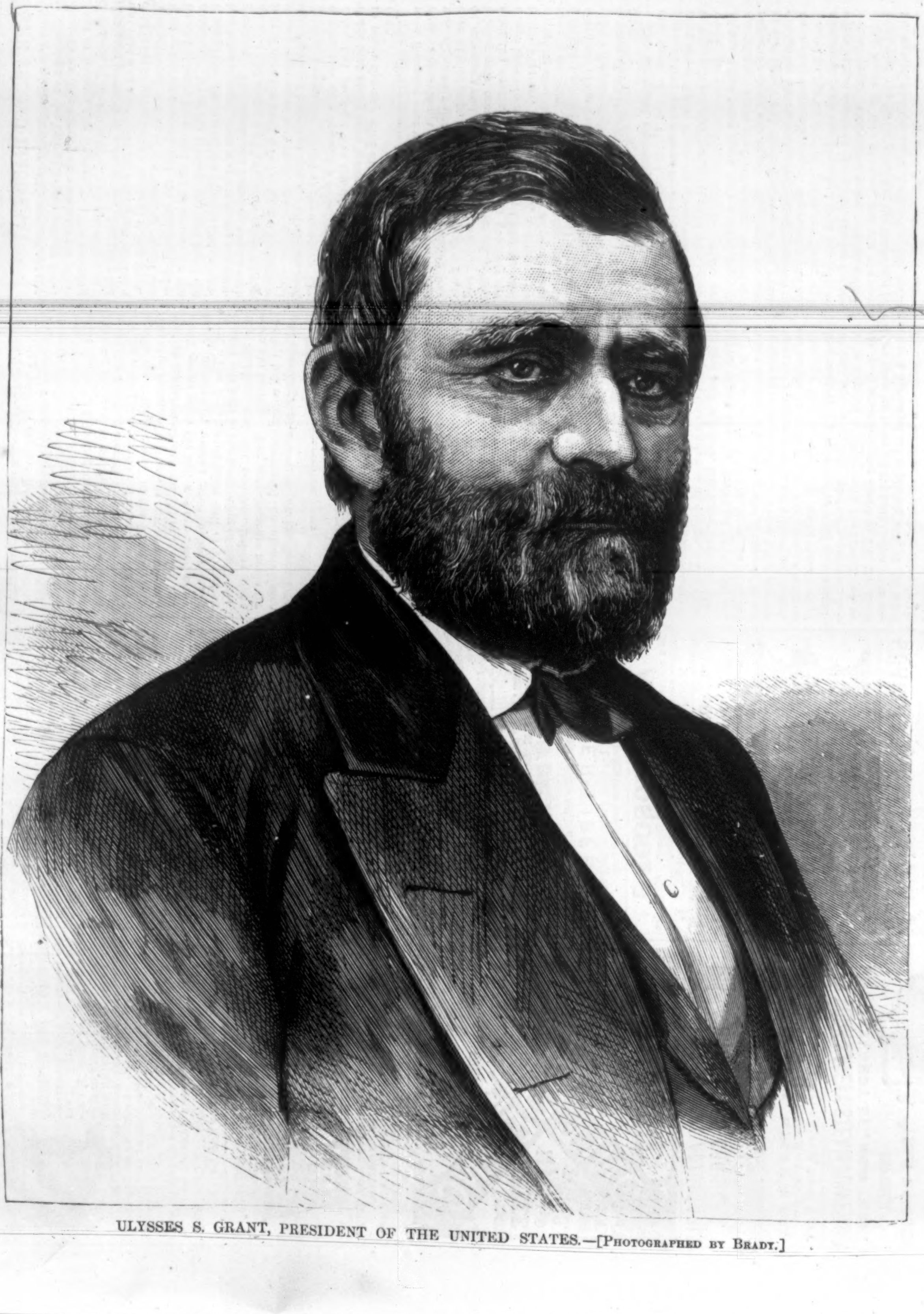
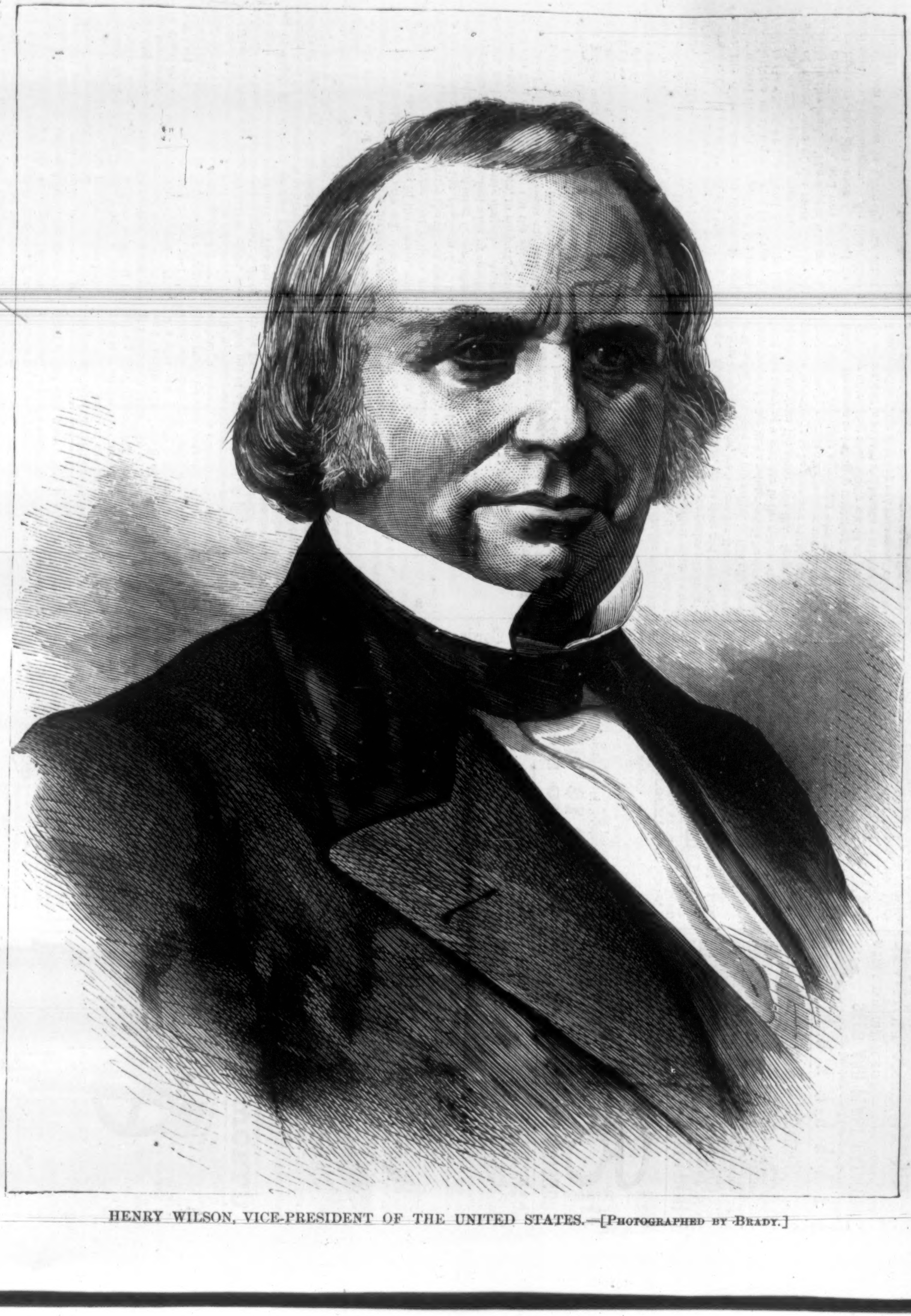
GETTING MARRIED.

KEEPING HOUSE.



ULYSSES S. GRANT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—[Photographed by Brady.]



HENRY WILSON, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE SECOND INAUGURATION.

THE second inauguration of ULYSSES S. GRANT as President of the United States was an event never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to witness the ceremony. The morning of the 4th of March opened with a cloudless sky that gave promise of a sunny day, but the wind was cold and keen, and its fitful gusts carried a chill to the hearts of those who dared to face them. The principal streets of the national capital had been carefully cleaned, and the buildings, public and private, garnished and decorated for the occasion. All of the previous day and night the inbound trains and steamers brought their countless hosts of eager ones who would see the inauguration. The hotels and boarding-houses were all full, and many were unable to procure lodgings of even the most inferior kind. These contented themselves with walking the streets until the appointed hour had come. Of militia-men there was seemingly no end to the number. Every train of cars brought a detachment of soldiers, and so great was the demand upon the roads that many were belated, and some failed to reach the city until after the ceremony was over.

The military procession to the Capitol was the most imposing ever witnessed on such an occasion. Pennsylvania Avenue on the line of march was elaborately decorated; every building was covered with flags, and from every window floated streamers and banners. Every window and balcony was occupied, and throngs of people filled the streets. At ten o'clock precisely the troops began to move, headed by Chief Marshal General BARRY. First in order, and naturally attracting most attention, was the corps of cadets from West Point. As regiment after regiment marched past the multitude cheered them vociferously to the end. Besides the military there were a number of civic societies in the line. The firemen of the District were also out in their best dress.

The inaugural ceremony took place on the east front of the Capitol, where a temporary platform had been erected for the purpose. The open space below, where the troops were massed in solid column, was literally packed with people, while the eastern fronts of both Senate and House wings were black with a solid mass of spectators. Even the cornice upon the roof and about the dome was filled. At length the ceremonies began with the appearance of the President, who, immediately after the organization of the new Senate, came upon the portico and advanced to the front of the platform. Here, with uncovered head, the President took the oath of office at the hands of the Chief Justice for the second term. The crowd below sent up a deafening huzza at this moment, and the howitzer battery of the Naval School at the south end of the square, and the Light Artillery at the north end, boomed out a salute of twenty-one guns. The President then, standing conspicuously in the front of the dense crowd on the platform, and despite the sweeping winds and biting atmosphere, calmly read his inaugural address. Our artist's graphic delineation of the scene on pages 224 and 225 will enable the reader to judge of its grandeur.

The inaugural over, the troops escorted the President to the White House, where a review took place, after which the soldiers returned to their respective quarters. The scene on the return march was even grander and more impressive than on the march to the Capitol. The crowd on the Avenue was even larger, and the enthusiasm unbounded. In the evening a magnificent display of fire-works on the Capitol grounds closed the out-door exercises of the celebration.

Of course there was a grand ball at night, and this was the most complete and elegant affair of the kind within the memory of man. The building in which the dancers danced was specially constructed for the occasion, at a cost of $60,000. It was of wood, and was 350 feet long by 150 feet wide, with a clear floor space of 300 by 100 feet. The room was gayly decorated and brilliantly lighted.

At the south end of the hall there were small arches for the entrances of the invited guests, above them shields, and above all, draperies, which, with a star in gas jets in the centre, were intended to eclipse the "Grant and Wilson and Peace" first intended to occupy the vacant space. At the opposite end was the platform for the President, invited guests, and other favored ones. The platform was thirty-five feet wide by seventy feet long, and was handsomely draped. Across the front were high candelabra, to support plants in pots in lieu of gas-lights. On the sides were draperies of white; on the trusses and between, where the draperies did not interfere with the arched entrances, were flags draped in arches, headed by the shields of the different States. The trusses were painted to represent columns in chrome-colors.

The President and cabinet arrived about half past eleven o'clock, and after a short stay in their reception-rooms the grand entrance was made in formal procession, the chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Hon. H. R. SHEPHERD, and HALLET KILBOURN, Esq., chairman of the Ball Committee, doing the escort duty. Governor COOK entered with the President, and after the cabinet came the diplomatic corps. They moved through the centre of the room to the platform at the north end to the music of *Hail to the Chief*, by the Naval Academy band. As many as 3000 persons engaged in the dance, most of whom were of the most distinguished families in the land. The supper was gotten up on a magnificent scale, and was said to be the most liberally provided ever furnished to the good people of Washington. An illustration of the ball-room scenes is given by our artist on page 221.

Inauguration balls have not always been honored with a specially erected building. It was not until General TAYLOR was inaugurated that, it having become evident there was no hall in Washington that could give satisfaction as a ball-room on public occasions, a temporary building was constructed on Judiciary Square. Afterward the balls following the inaugurations of PIERCE, BUCHANAN, and LINCOLN were held in a similar building erected in the same square. At the second inauguration of LINCOLN the ball was in the "model-room" of the Patent-office. The chief feature of this ball, as now remembered, was the confusion which prevailed in the hat and cloak rooms when the ball was over, and every body, apparently, wanted what nobody could give. The first inauguration ball of President GRANT was held in the north wing of the Treasury Building, and the accommodations there were too limited. The arrangements made for the last ball entirely prevented the inconvenience and crowding conspicuous on previous occasions.

SCIENCE *vs.* CONJURING.

THERE was a time when magic was monopolized by professors who performed their various feats of diablerie on a large stage, surrounded with covered tables laden with the different pieces of apparatus essentially necessary for the successful result of each trick. But within the last few years it has been made possible for all their wonderful feats to be performed in a private parlor (as easily and often more gracefully than by some of the professors), by gentlemen who, in the day, devote their time to far different pursuits. M. HARTZ, one of the best of modern illusionists, getting tired of moving from one place to another, nearly four years since opened a Magical Repository on Broadway, and the success of this novel idea has been simply remarkable. We recently had an opportunity of witnessing, in private, some of the choicer and more elaborate tricks of this accomplished artist, and although, of course, we are not at liberty to say how they were done, we are not prohibited from expressing our appreciation of the wonderful mechanical skill which has been brought to bear upon the apparatus, or of the ingenuity expended on its design. The store is filled with wonders, but three little circular-topped tables are the centre of attraction, not only to those who merely wonder at the trick, but to the skilled mechanician who is curious to see the internal arrangements. These tables are not much thicker than a card, are without any fringe, and might be subjected to examination without betraying their secrets. On one of these a small glass tumbler is placed and covered with a handkerchief, after being submitted for inspection: into this a number of silver coins are passed, one by one, each actually being heard to fall, the glass or its covering being all the time visible. On another a borrowed hat is placed, and, at the word of command, a number of cards previously selected appear against the crown, the hat not being covered in any way. But probably the most ingenious trick, and certainly the cleverest we ever witnessed, is performed with the third. A large glass goblet with glass cover is given for inspection, and is then stood on this little table and covered with a handkerchief in which a hole has been made for the knob of the lid to pass through, so that it is all the time under the eyes of the spectator; notwithstanding this, however, the glass is filled with coins (six or eight hundred) audibly and visibly when the handkerchief is removed. We also saw a glass box, transparent on every side, suspended on cords away from screens or performer, become instantly filled with large balls, although the box is not covered or touched. And the mechanical rooster, which eats corn and drinks water out of a glass, as well as picks out selected cards from a pack placed in front of it. These tricks are all accomplished by mechanical means. Optics, electricity, and mechanics are the sciences the modern magician studies, but there are others requiring some little sleight-of-hand in addition. The above are among the more expensive articles M. HARTZ shows, but there are dozens that come within almost any person's reach, and are marvels of ingenuity and skill, so that for a few dollars enough can be procured to entertain a room full of company for an hour or two. We advise those of our readers who wish these fascinating novelties to pay a visit to M. HARTZ, at 850 Broadway, or send for his catalogue, which is well worthy of perusal.

CAMEOS.

THE fashion which some years ago seemed for a time on the point of establishing itself, of using shell cameos instead of stone cameos as the material of *parures*, has happily passed away. These shell cameos, the best of which were then made, and still are made, in Rome, had at the most the charm of mere curiosities. The layers of the shells used in them were for the most part superposed in hard and cold contrasts of pink with white, or of a chilly brown with a chilly cream color. How different are the warm, rich harmonies of color which belong to the onyx and the sardonyx, the vehicles from the earliest times to our own days of so much sculpturesque genius and knowledge. Bissenger, of Paris, whose close and loyal work is done exclusively now, we believe, for Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, of 22 John St. (up stairs), in this city, uses these bases of color like a painter, while he shows the hand and fancy of a sculptor in the reliefs which he summons up from the stone into life. Some of the portraits in sardonyx to be seen now at this establishment are simply marvels of expression and of handling. He has been especially successful with his feminine heads. He seems to delight in mastering the amazing difficulty of treating successfully within so restricted a compass, and in so hard and hostile a substance, the infinite delicacy, the shadowy and evanescent expressions, the subtle shades of the character and the physiognomy of woman.—[*Com.*]

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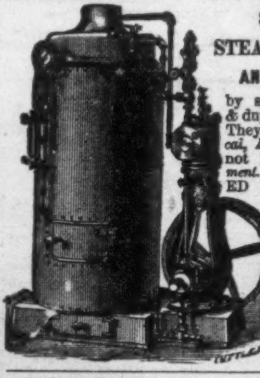

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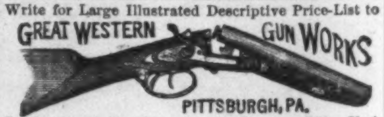

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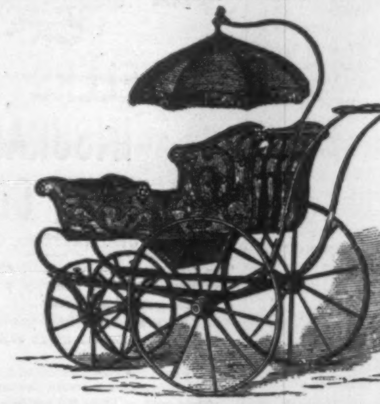

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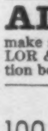

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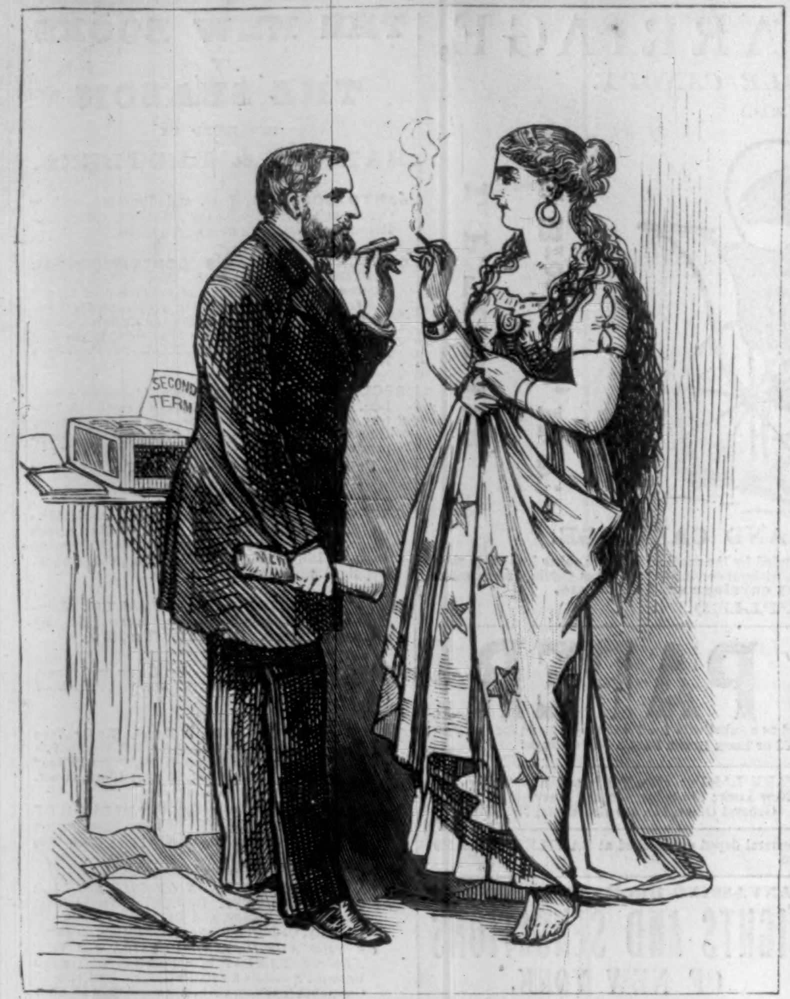

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			$,9754,420 99
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Surplus returned to Policy-holders......	2,906,213 09		
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		$5,797,014 56	
Expenses:			
Commissions to Agents......	$586,403 12		
Salaries of Officers, Clerks, and all others employed upon Salaries	63,496 36		
Medical Examiners' fees...	15,142 09		
Printing, Stationery, Rent, Advertising, Postage, Exchange, &c...	69,226 45		
		734,268 02	
Taxes, and Profit and Loss,		289,153 96	
			6,820,436 54
			$33,679,661 69
BALANCE, NET ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1872.			
Schedule of Assets:			
Loans upon Real Estate, first lien, value...			$17,652,992 32
Loans upon stocks and bonds, value.....			298,503 28
Premium notes on policies in force......			8,800,037 92
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company			1,139,972 47
Cost of United States Registered Bonds..			1,630,836 80
Cost of State Bonds........................			813,900 00
Cost of City Bonds.........................			2,136,695 00
Cost of Bank Stock.........................			80,205 00
Cost of Railroad Stock.....................			26,000 00
Cash in bank, at interest..................			1,034,350 53
Cash in Company's office...................			26,782 23
Balances due from agents, secured.......			39,386 14
			$33,679,661 69
Add:			
Interest accrued and due....		$975,580 29	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost...........		214,457 52	
Net premiums in course of collection.................		38,012 71	
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums....		28,428 92	
			1,256,479 44
Gross assets, December 31, 1872.....			$34,936,141 13
Liabilities:			
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest...........		$29,050,000 00	
All other liabilities.......		747,053 00	
			$29,797,053 00
Surplus, December 31, 1872.............			$5,139,088 13
Increase of assets during 1872..........			$2,957,739 47
Ratio of expenses to receipts in 1872....			7.53 per cent.
" " " 1871....			8.12 "
" " " 1870....			8.35 "
" " " 1869....			8.45 "
Policies in force, Dec. 31, 1872, 62,868, insuring..............................			$181,896,167 00

JAMES GOODWIN, President.

JACOB L. GREENE, Secretary.

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LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.

BY GUSTAVE. DORÉ AND BLANCHARD JERROLD

To be Completed in Thirteen Parts.—Part 11.

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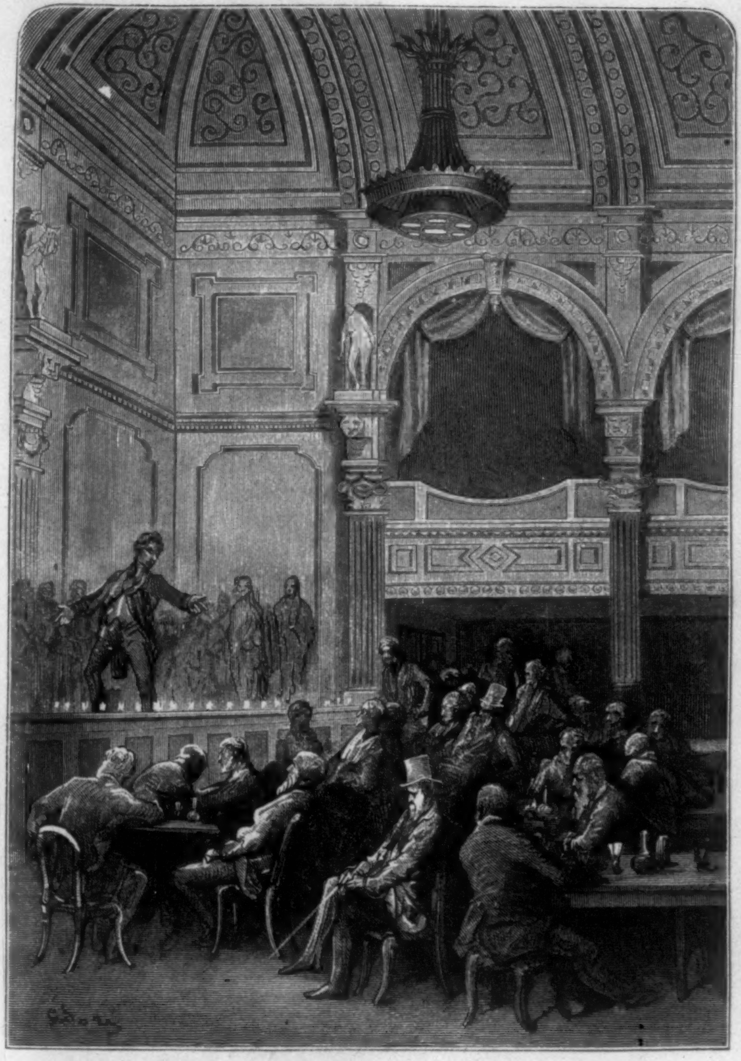
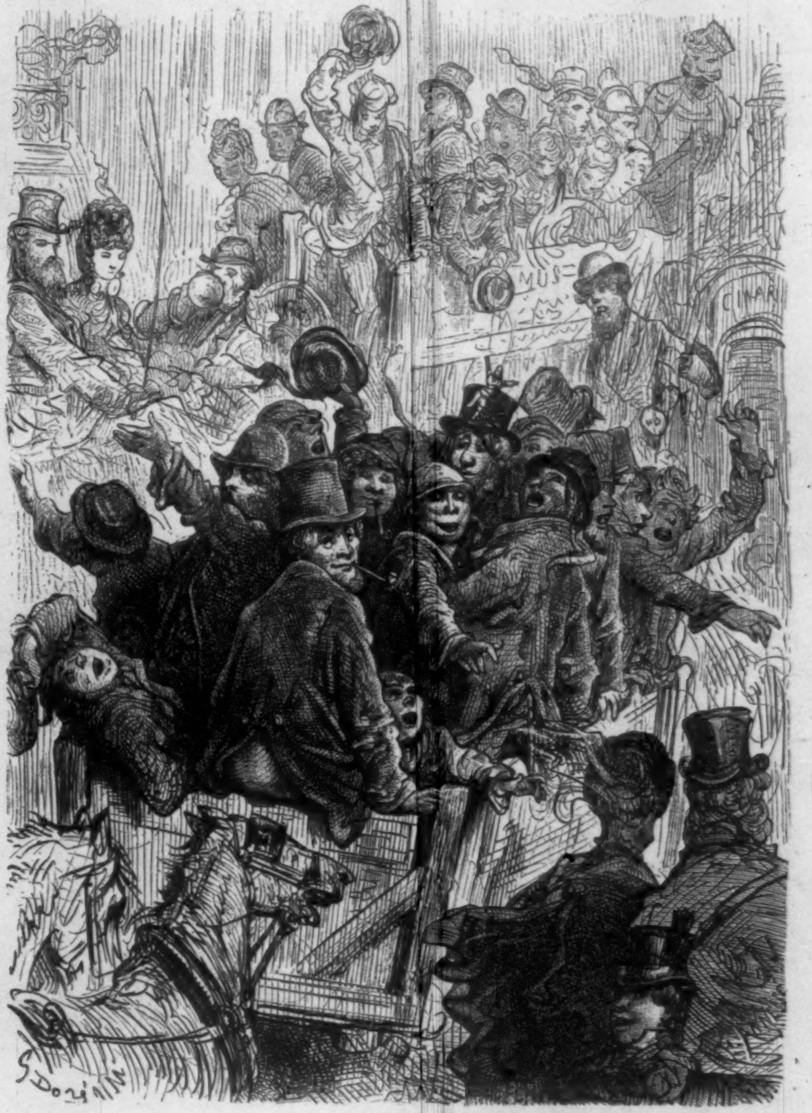


AT EVANS'S.



HOME, FROM HAMPTON COURT RACES.

CHAPTER XX.

LONDON AT PLAY.

Sitting at Evans's, we moralize on the sad pleasures of the English. There is the British Museum. The wonders of Nineveh, the Elgin Marbles, the mummies, the Natural History rooms, the geological collections, the matchless reading-room, are full of entertaining knowledge, which every man and woman would do well to master. Under this roof lie the artfully disposed records of the earth's history—from the formations of the crust told in geological strata, to the highest developments of vegetable and animal life. There is the South Kensington Museum, which sprang out of the first Universal Exhibition of Industry in Hyde Park, and is now a gorgeous collection of modern art industry and invention which expresses completely the dominant spirit of the times in which we live. There are the Zoological and Horticultural Gardens; the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street; the India and College of Surgeons museums; the Houses of Parliament; the Tower of London; the Mint; and there is the National Gallery. Where to spend a holiday, the moralist will say, can not, with these resources, be a difficult problem, except through the *embarras de richesses.* The places open to the holiday makers are surely various enough to meet all tastes. The parks are noble; and round about London are such superb historical places as Windsor Castle, Hampton Court Palace, and Greenwich Hospital. Who loves the wonders of the vegetable kingdom may wander through it at Kew. The explorer of the animal empire may roam the world over in the Regent's Park, or travel from the coral insect to the carnivora in Bloomsbury. The lover of art can have no richer treat than that which is spreads for him in Trafalgar Square. The art-workman can wish for no more entertaining and instructive collection than that to which Mr. Henry Cole has devoted his admirable public life. Accepting Mr. Gladstone's dictum that recreation is only a change of employment, London may be said to be bountifully stored for her citizens' play-days.

London at play, however, does not mean a survey of the mastodon at the British Museum, nor a journey through the schools of painting at the National Gallery, or in the Bethnal Green Museum. When the bow is loosened the overworked Londoner requires "violent delights." His pleasures must be bounding. He has very few resources within himself. He shouts and gesticulates like a boy let out from school. A few carts loaded with holiday makers traveling from the East End to Hampton Court races, or returning thence, afford a good illustration of the way in which the lower class of London work-folk love to amuse themselves. To them play means coarse jests, practical joking of a very brutal kind—all copiously covered with beer and tobacco. Observe this cart-load of hawkers, who are fixed between an omnibus and a carriage. It is a golden opportunity, dear to the heart of the Whitechapel rough. He falls upon the gentleman who wears a white hat, and tells him to take care of the lady. He exhausts his humor upon the groom, criticising every item of his livery. Every body is "governor." He calls upon each passer-by whom he detects with bottle or pocket-pistol to give him a drink, recommends every horseman to get up inside, asks a gentleman of particularly dignified air whether the "missus" is quite well, and generally conducts himself with a levity the spirit of which is closely akin to that of under-graduates on their great holiday. Now what should these poor, ignorant fellows do at the National Gallery, or poring over Mr. Layard's Assyrian stones? Listen to their songs, and you will soon know what kind of people society has made them.

When these poor holiday-makers—whose idle days are rare indeed—knock off the work to which they are chained for nearly all their waking hours, and wash their faces in token of the determination they have taken to seek an evening's amusement, they go to the kind of entertainment which their limited intelligence will allow them to understand.

Next door to the Whitechapel Police Station, in Leman Street, is the Garrick Theatre. Gallery, one penny; pit, twopence; boxes, threepence. The pieces played at this establishment are, of course, adapted to the audience—the aristocrats among whom pay threepence for their seats. The first time we penetrated its gloomy passages great excitement prevailed. The company were performing the "Starving Poor of Whitechapel;" and at the moment of our entry the stage policemen were getting very much the worst of a free fight, to the unbounded delight of pit and gallery. The sympathies of the audience, however, were kindly. They leaned to the starveling and the victim of fate; for four out of five understood only too well what hard life in Whitechapel meant, and had spent nights with the stars upon the stones of London. In this, and kindred establishments, the helper of "a female in distress" (dismissed from the West End long ago) is sure of his rounds of applause. The drama was roughly performed. An infant prodigy (whom the manager afterward introduced to us) piped its lines of high-flown sentiment intelligently; the manager himself took the leading part in a broad, stagey sort of way, excellently well adapted to the audience—to judge from their applause; and every thing was spiced highly to touch the tough palates of a Whitechapel audience. But in the "Starving Poor" comedy, let me note, albeit the jests were of a full flavor and the dialogue was uniformly ungrammatical, the sentiments were worthy. Virtue is always rewarded in these humble dramatic temples, manly courage gets three times three, and woman is ever treated with respectful tenderness. It is not in such establishments as the Garrick (the boards of which famous men have trod) that the ignorant poor learn how to slip from poverty into crime.

The true penny gaff is the place where juvenile Poverty meets juvenile Crime. We elbowed our way into one, that was the foulest, dingiest place of public entertainment I can conceive: and I have seen, I think, the worst, in many places. The narrow passages were blocked by sharp-eyed young thieves, who could tell the policeman at a glance through the thin disguise of private clothes. More than one young gentleman speculated as to whether he was wanted, and was relieved when the sergeant passed him. A platform, with bedaubed proscenium, was the stage; and the boxes were as dirty as the stalls of a common stable.

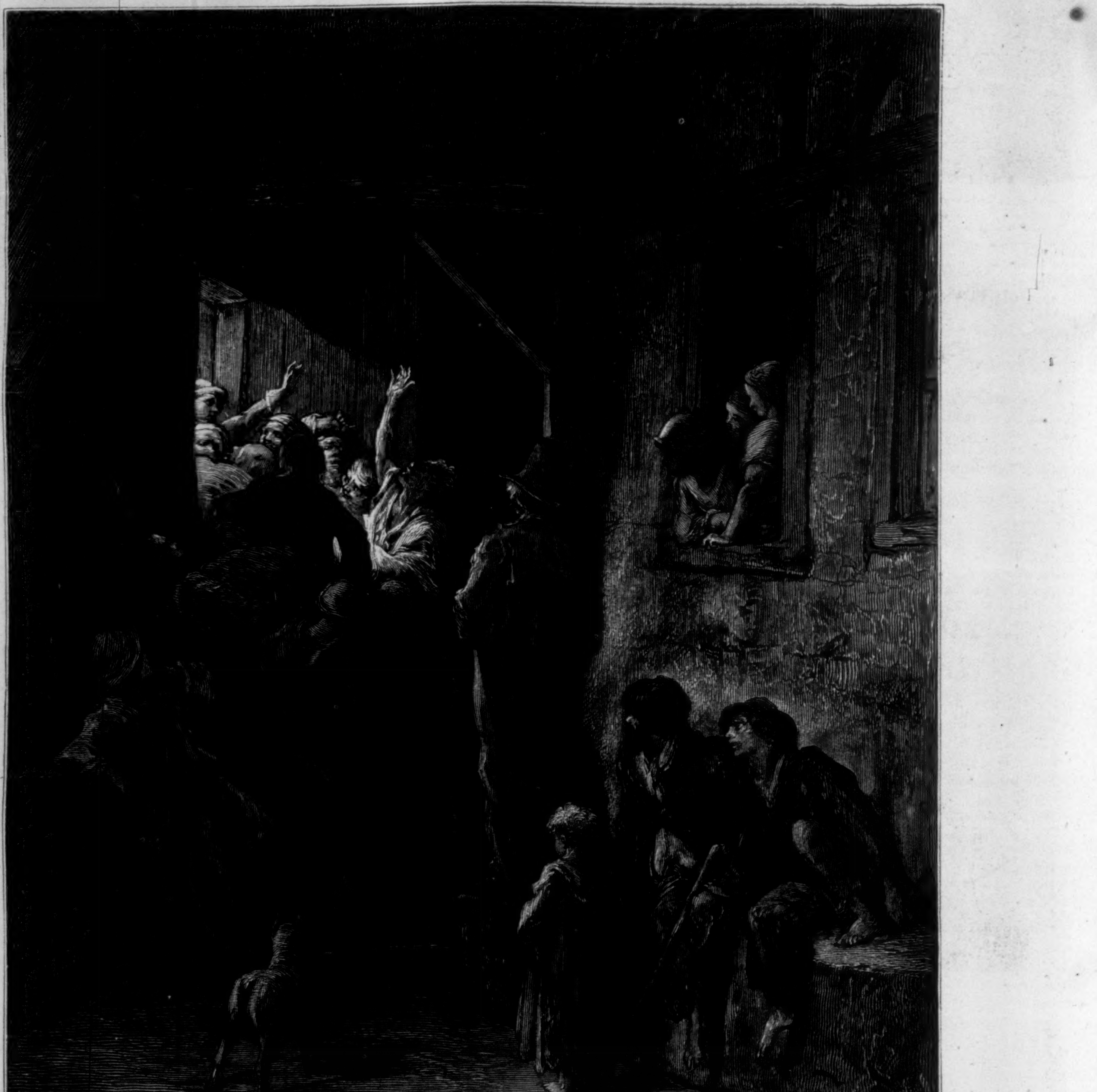
"This does more harm than any thing I know off," said the sergeant, as he pointed to the pack of boys and girls who were laughing, talking, gesticulating, hanging over the boxes, and joining in the chorus of a song a trio were singing.

An overwhelming cocked hat, a prodigious shirt collar, straps reaching half-way to the knees, grotesque imitations of that general enemy known to the Whitechapel loafer as a "swell," caricatures of the police, outrageous exaggerations of ladies' finery, are conspicuous in the wardrobe of the penny gaff. What can that wardrobe be? An egg chest, an old bedstead, a kitchen drawer? In vain do I strive to convey to the reader the details of the picture of which my fellow-pilgrim has caught some of the salient points. The odor—the atmosphere—to begin with, is indescribable. The rows of brazen young faces are terrible to look upon. It is impossible to be angry with their sauciness, or to resent the leers and grimaces that are directed upon us as unwelcome intruders. Some have the aspect of wild-cats. The lynx at bay has not a crueler glance than some I caught from almost baby faces.

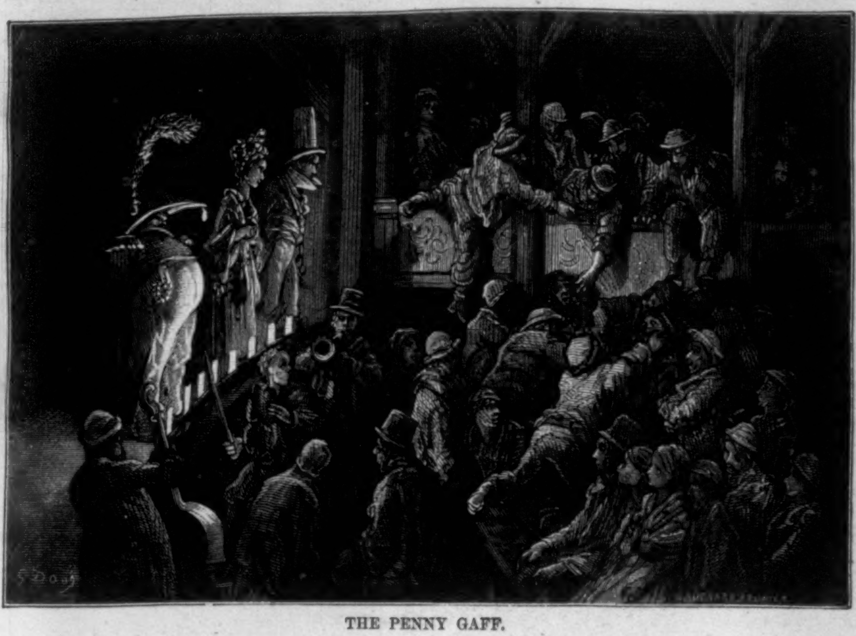
The trio sing a song, with a jerk at the beginning of each line, in true street style, accompanying the searing words with mimes and gestures and hinted indecencies that are immensely relished. The boys and girls nod to each other and laugh aloud: they have understood. Not a wink has been lost upon them, and the comic ruffian in the tall hat has nothing to teach them. At his worst they meet him more than half-way. For this evening these youngsters will commit crimes—the gaff being the prime delight of the pickpocket.

In the East of London such a Music-Hall as the Cambridge, the proprietor of which boasted that no police case had come out of his establishment, must have done good. It is a handsome hall, with appointments as good as those of the halls in the West: only the company is largely mixed with desperate thieves, many of whom, in holiday clothes and smoking cigars with affected airs, we met on the staircase.

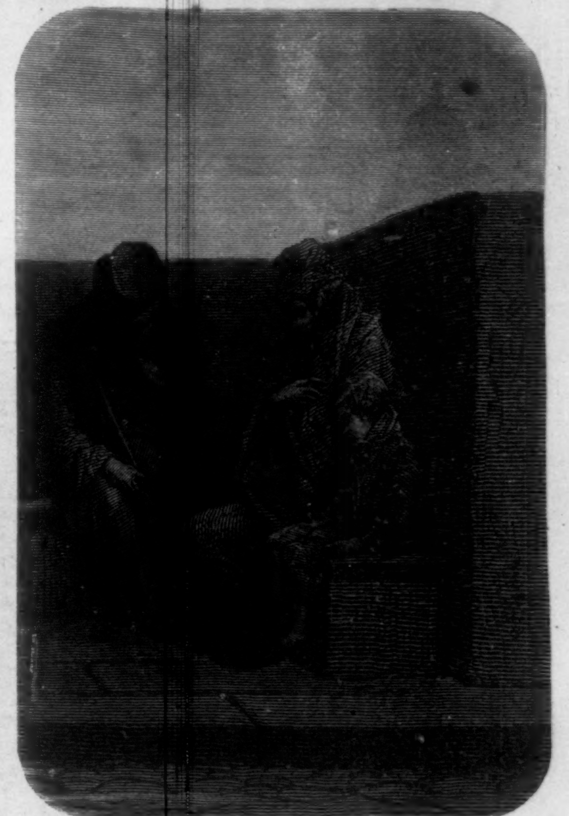
Pursuing our way one night about Aldgate, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel, we were attracted to a theatre something under the rank of the Garrick by the announcement that Blondin was to walk upon the high rope with a cloth over his head. The house was thronged; and as we entered a man with a cloth reaching well over his shoulders was just venturing upon the rope. The sea of upturned faces was almost the saddest sight I can remember. With the exception of the sailors (who delight in the strongly seasoned drama and rollicking songs of the East End) every human countenance was haggard, scarred with the desperate battle of life, defaced, degraded, or utterly brutalized. The stage, too, was crowded with an extraordinary company. The seal of poverty was upon all those wondering heads, and of vice upon most of them. We are changing all this, however, in the East, as it has been changed, within the memory of middle-aged men, in the West.



TURN HIM OUT, RATCLIFF.



THE PENNY GAFF.



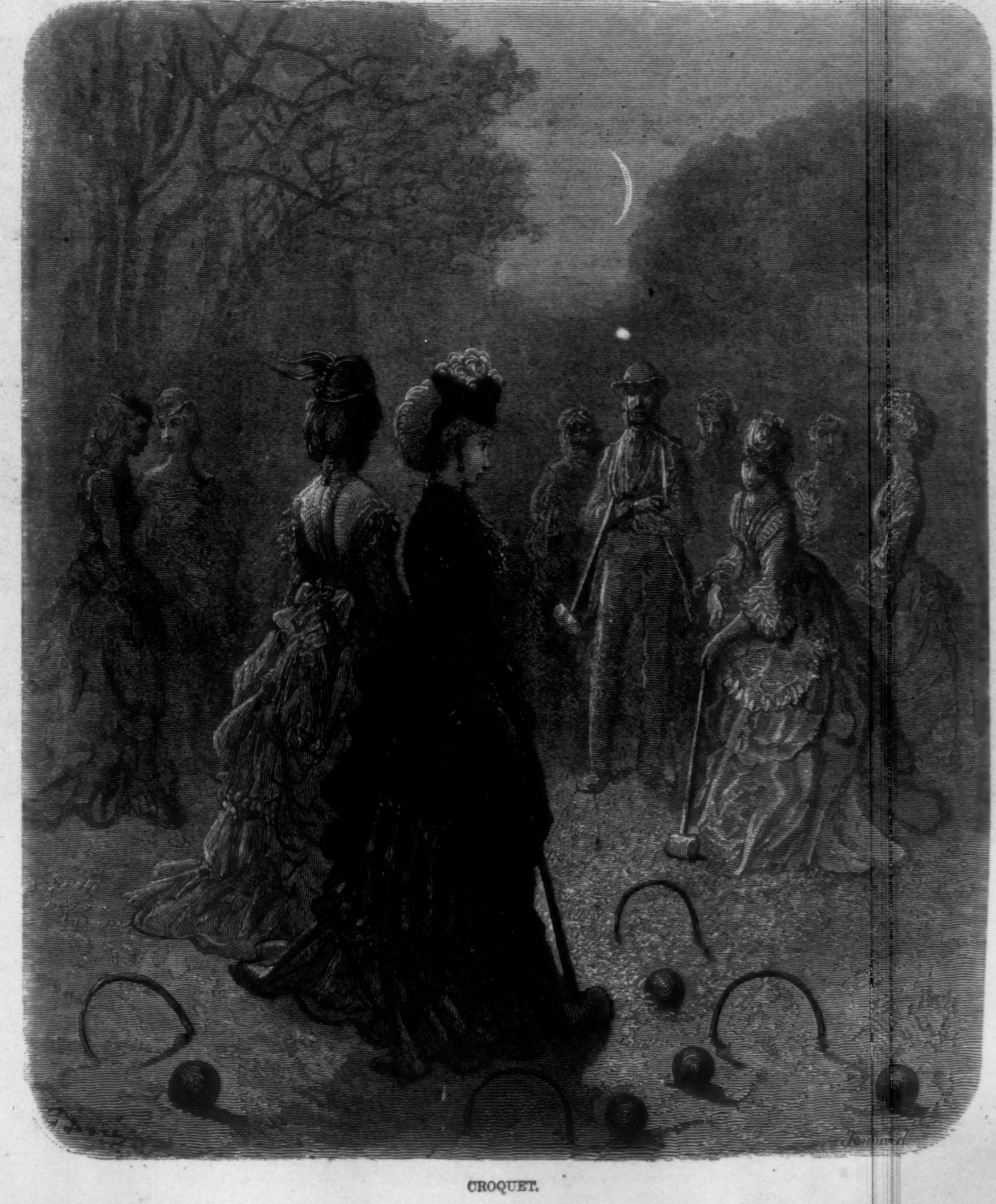
PENNY GAFF FREQUENTERS.

How long ago is it since gentlemen of the highest degree went to the Cider Cellars and the Coal Hole? Speculating on the changes in London at Play, within the last five-and-twenty years, in that corner of Evans's where, any night, you could at once tell by a sudden influx that the House was up, we trundle back through the seasons to the time when the bar parlor of the Cider Cellars—a dirty, stifling, under-ground tavern in Maiden Lane, behind the Strand—was the meeting place from Fop's Alley, after the opera. The Cave of Harmony was a cellar for shameful song-singing, where members of both Houses, the pick of the Universities, and the bucks of the Row were content to dwell in indecencies forever. When there was a burst of unwonted enthusiasm you might be certain that some genius of the place had soared to a happy combination of indecency with blasphemy. The horrid fun was at its height in that famous season when Sam Hall took the town by storm: the said Sam being a rogue of the deepest dye, who growled blasphemous staves, over the back of a chair, on the eve of his execution. He was excellently well represented by the actor: but how manners and tastes have changed since he exhibited to the best audience in London, assembled over beer and kidneys in the small hours; and since Baron Nicholson held his orgies, and did his utmost (employing admirable parts in the bad work) to lower the mind of the rising generation, long after that generation should have been in bed. Evans's is changed with the rest of the shades and caves and cellars; and long ago, renouncing the errors of his early ways, Mr. Paddy Green has tapped his snuff-box to only the discreetest and sweetest of tunes. Evans's, in the days when Mr. Green presided in an under-ground room, at the head of a long table, and you could hardly catch the sharp features of the noble earl opposite to you for the tobacco clouds, was as bad—that is, as coarse and profane—as the Cider Cellars. Vulgarity woke roars of laughter; and the heads of the first families rapped the tables with their empty tumblers, calling for the slang chorus once again. And—Mr. Roberto obliged.

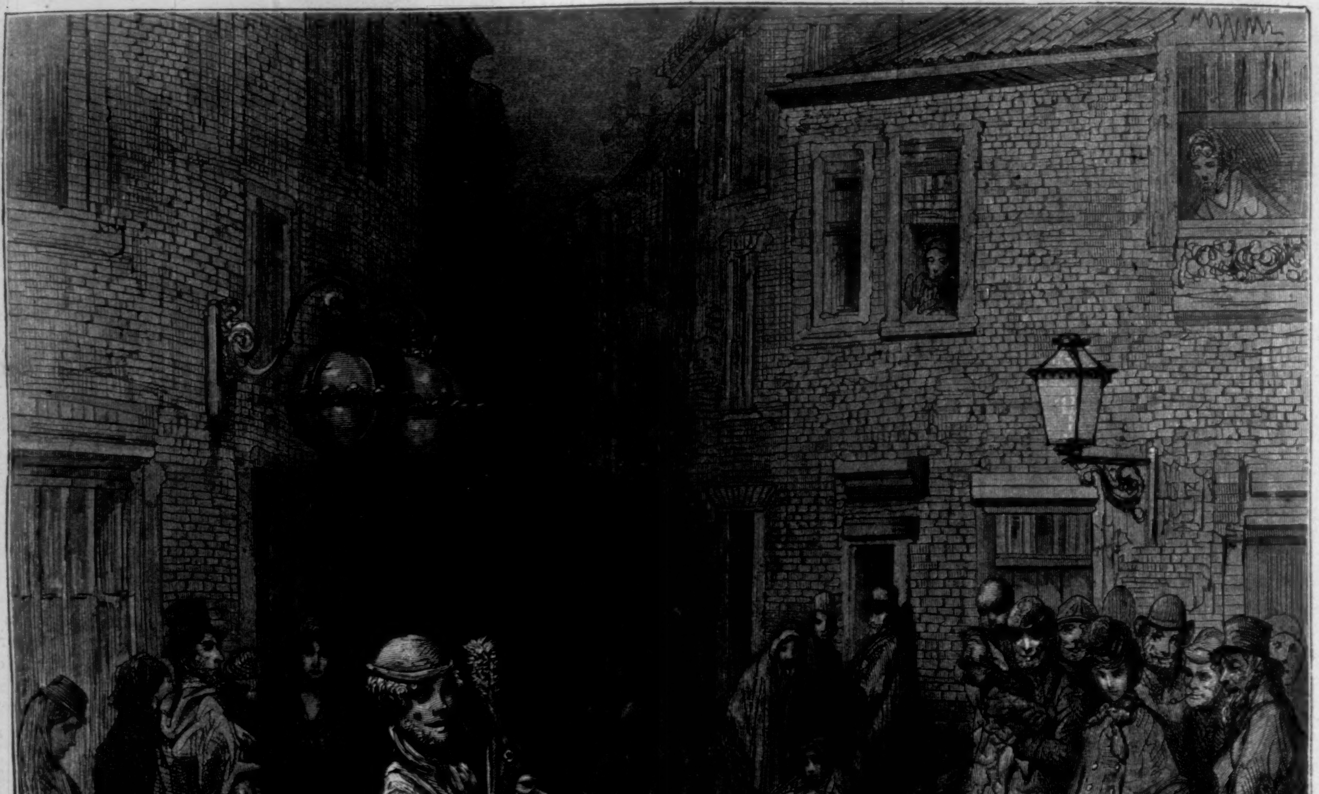
Now, we sit at Evans's at marble tables, with prim waiters at hand; and the theatre at the end of the hall is suddenly blackened with a flight of singing birds of all sizes, who chirp nothing more harmful than the "Chough and Crow." The comic business is that of the Christy Minstrels (sentimentalists, with ripples of laughter breaking upon them): then comes a Professor Carolus with the India rubber young Caroluses, who are *de rigueur*. The while, Mr. Paddy Green trusts that we are comfortable, offers us a pinch, and tells us the dear old story over again—of the rank, the genius, and the plutocracy, the echo of whose laughter eddies still in the corners of his beloved hall.

I suppose that in the old times—that is, some thirty years ago—men had a decided taste for the under-ground. To feel most at ease, like the mole, they must work their way under the earth's surface. For in those days cellars and shades and caves were the chosen resorts of roistering spirits of all degrees. Under the harmless wool-work of Miss Linwood in Leicester Square were cavernous spaces devoted to the late orgies of men of fashion. The City had dark kitchens, lighted by perpetual gas, where fruity port could be had in imperial measure, and whither knowing young gentlemen of fortune from Oxford and Cambridge would occasionally repair to show their friends how very acute and penetrating they were. There were Holes in the Wall, and Bob's, and Tom's; and there were famous places by the river-side, as near the level of the bed of the Thames as could be reached, where the dirt and gloom must have been the main attraction, which had their day when the century was more than half its present age. The tradition of this hole-and-corner epoch, when heroes were ranked by the number of bottles they could stow away at a sitting, still lingers about a few old-fashioned places near Covent Garden; and the uncleanliness has a triumphant monument in the City tavern known as Dirty Dick's—an establishment the foulness of which is the only valuable fixture.

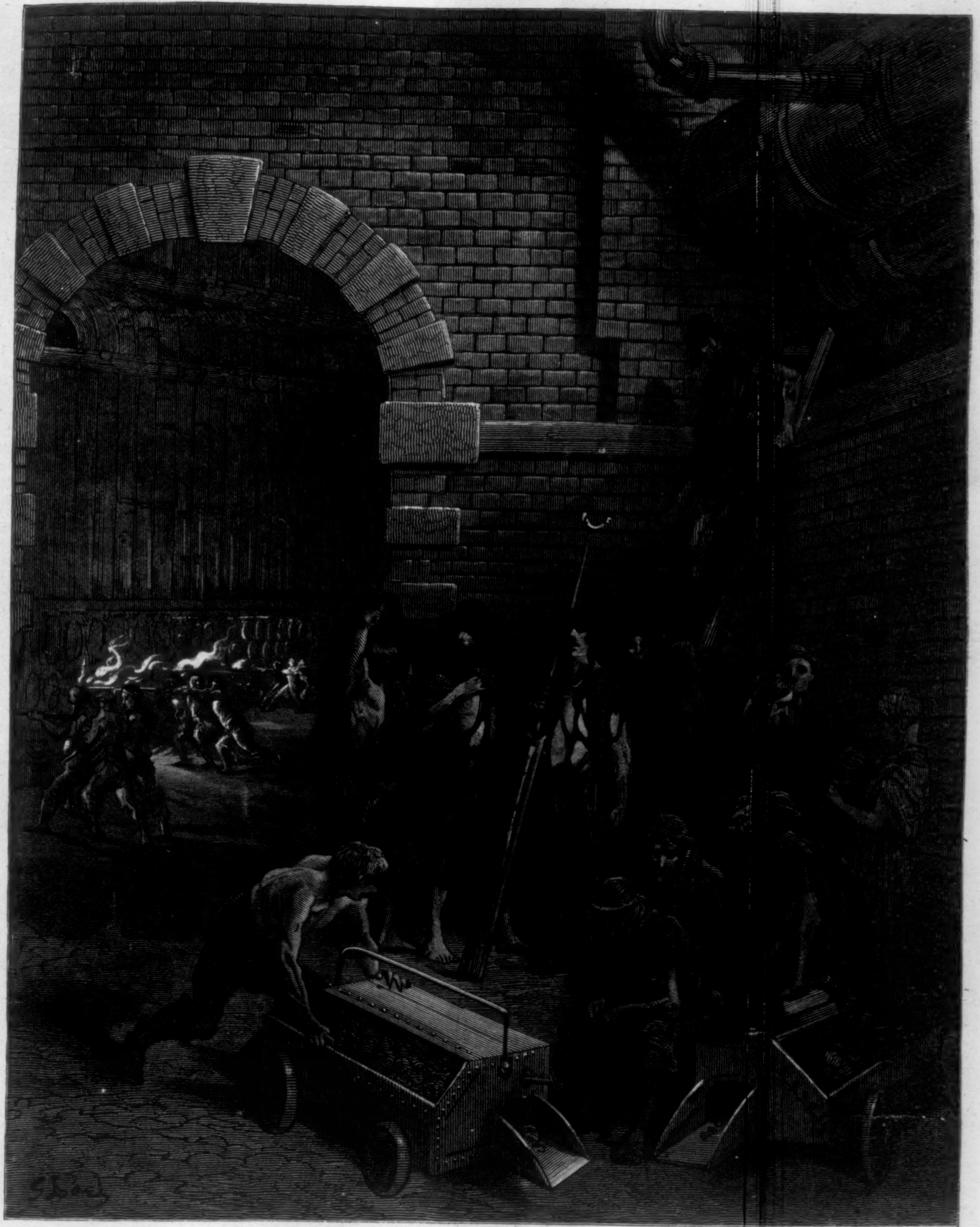
We are now in the Music Hall and Refreshment Bar epoch—an epoch of much gilding and abundant looking-glass; as, on the stage, we are in the era of spangles and burlesque; as, at the Opera, we are in the age of the Traviata. It is a bright, gay, sparkling, dazzling time. Let us hope that vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness; for, if this be so, we have made a tremendous advance upon our grandfathers. The example of the West is, as I have observed, tending eastward, and penetrating the lowest of the population. The Cambridge Music-Hall is superseding the penny gaff and the sing-song at the thief's public-house. The Standard Theatre at Shoreditch is emptying the Garrick in Leman Street. In the City the cavernous drinking-places are dying out before the gilded glories of Crosby Hall and the refinements of the Palmerston and the Lombard. It is a lighter time than



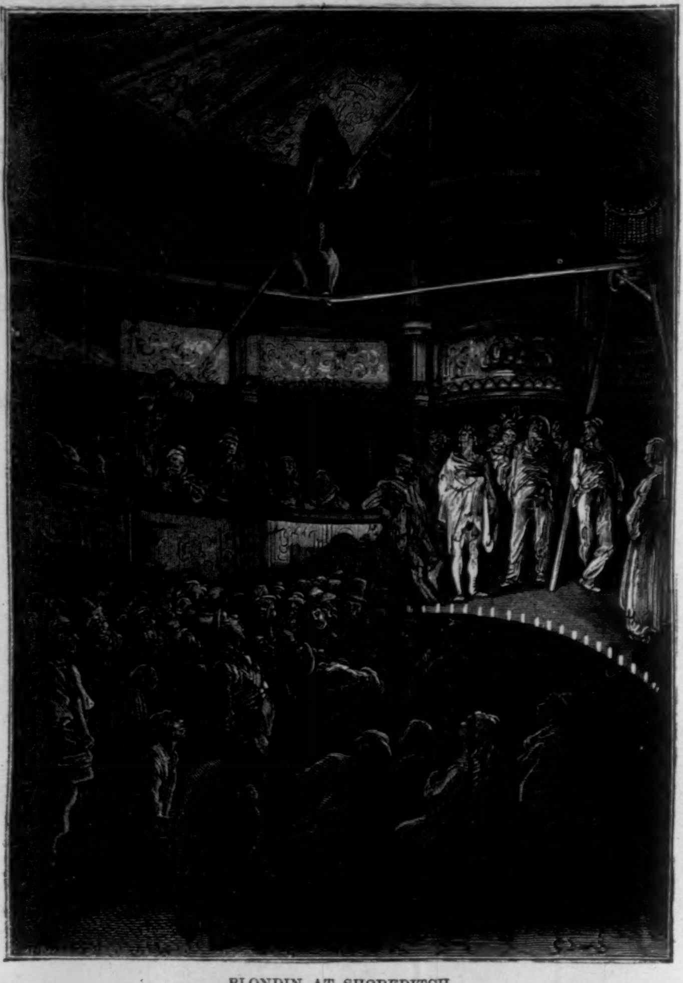
CROQUET.


G. Doré
A. LEVASSEUR

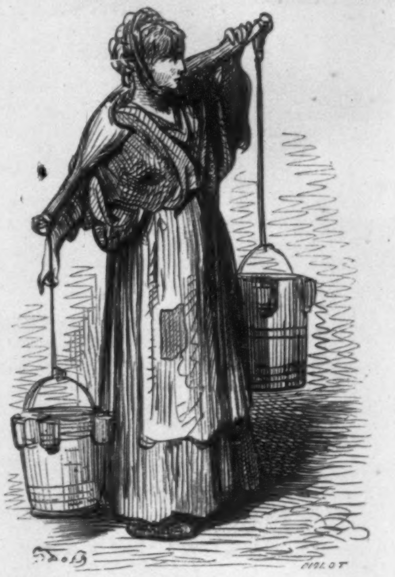
THE ORGAN IN THE COURT.



LAMBETH GAS-WORKS.



BLONDIN AT SHOREDITCH.



THE MILKWOMAN.

our fathers'—a more moderate, a soberer time—that in which we live.

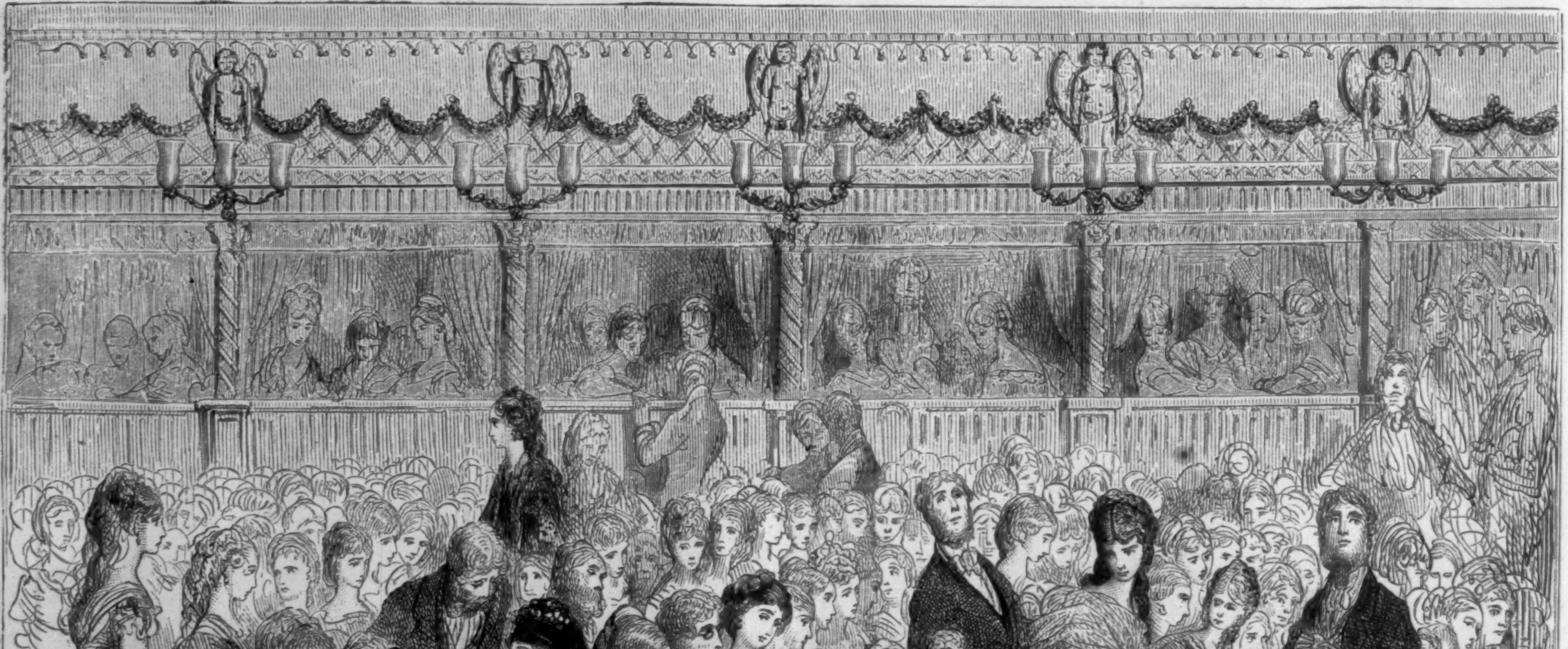
The young men and the old who are grouped around us are turning over the leaves of the book of songs, talking for the most part rationally, and refreshing themselves lightly. There is no drunkenness, and there is very little of the heavy supping that meant heavy drinking in the old time.

The improvement in London at Play has struck me, in the course of this pilgrimage, on many occasions. At a bean feast, sitting near the chief of an immense establishment, he said to me: "Different from the men of twenty years ago? There's no comparison. Twenty years ago they were all drunk before it was dark. Nothing would take them from the table. They had no games. Very few of them could sing. Now, as you will hear, some of them sing passably, some recite, some are members of boating clubs; and to-day, among their amusements, is a cricket match."

The songs and recitations were, as one of the men observed in a speech of thanks, "open to improvement;" but they were good evidence of a growing taste among the working classes for intellectual recreation. The development of this taste, and the development of the power of gratifying it, will as surely reduce intemperance and brutal manners among the working classes as the spread of a knowledge of art and science has driven cock-fighting, the prize ring, and drinking bouts out of the list of the diversions of the educated classes.

The stage has not progressed with the spread of education—that is, not in the fashionable parts of London. This is not the place to develop the reasons why; but it may be noted that the drama is spreading through the poorer and less-educated portions of society, who always crowd to the theatres where classic or sterling modern drama is played.

Macaulay wrote of Horace Walpole: "His writings, it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasburg pies among the dishes described in the *Almanach des Gourmands*. But as the *pâté de foie gras* owes its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganized mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole." It



THE STALLS, COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

may be that the intellectual luxuries which are common food nowadays are grown on unhealthy soil; but just as Walpole was infinitely better with his culture than he would have been without it, so is our modern society an improvement on that of the past. If the cultivated man can not say to his wife,

> "A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
> I prithee get ready at three,"

but must confer with her as to the best way of giving those millionaire Stanley Joneses quite as good a dinner as they gave last week, this is better than the tipsy riots that passed for entertainments in the good old time.

A recent writer on the season tells us that balls are on the decline, because only very young men—and, I presume, not very advantageous ones, matrimonially considered—can be got to stand up; and that therefore "devotion for life, dearest," is now "bad form during dance music." A *déjeuner* is recommended as not a bad opportunity—if the words need be said at all; but a garden party is the latest thing in opportunities for breaking fresh ground. A garden party is a good, a very good opportunity, and so is Hurlingham: but does either equal a thorough croquet party?

Archery and croquet are two out-door amusements of fashionable London which no foreigner understands. They are conducted with a demureness and serious, business-like precision that look more like performances of strict duty than the *abandon* of pleasure to the superficial observer. These are the hours for sentiment. It may be said that a man is nearer the church-door when he has a mallet in his hand than when, to the strains of Godfrey, he has his arm round a lady's waist.

Beyond all doubt the amusement that delights the largest number of the cultivated in London is the opera. It is the quiet evening of the fagging pleasure week. The opera and then home is an off-night which is delightful to the weary traveler from garden party to tea, to dinner, to conversazione, and rout, and ball—who has no rest from sunset to sunrise, and is then due in the park in the morning. Or it is an hour's rest before the fatigues of the night begin. "As one can not go to bed in the middle of the afternoon—11.30 P.M.—it is necessary to go somewhere after the opera," is the declaration of a well-known *poseur* on the subject. Without the opera the pleasures of a London season would count its victims by the score. "That model of a meritorious English gentleman"—as Lucy Aiken described John Evelyn—said, "For my part, I profess that I delight in a cheerful gayety, affect and cultivate variety: the universe itself were not beautiful to me without it." The gayety which meritorious English gentlemen of our day affect often ceases to be cheerful, and they discover a deadening sameness in the variety of the round of pleasure which circulates from the meeting of Parliament till Goodwood. From the weariness of the round the opera is the glorious and delightful rest. It is repose to the body and comfort to the mind.

The effect of music and of the dramatic art on all classes of a civilized community is of a most wholesome kind, especially where the individual life, either mentally or physically, is at high pressure. The rapid extension of a love of music among the English people is, I believe, in great part due to that craving for relief from the pressure of the business of life, which is heavier in this country than in any other with which I am acquainted.. The success of Music-Halls, Popular Concerts, and the musical festivals at the Crystal Palace, and the resolution with which attempts to put down street organs have been opposed as a designed cruelty on the poor, who have no other music, express the general comfort that is to be found in this art.

> "The power of music all our hearts allow."

The barrel-organ is the opera of the street-folk, and Punch is their national comedy theatre. I can not call to mind any scene on our many journeys through London that struck the authors of this pilgrimage more forcibly than the waking up of a dull, woebegone alley to the sound of an organ. The women leaning out of the windows—pleasurably stirred, for an instant, in that long disease, their life—and the children trooping and dancing round the swarthy player.

It is equaled only by the stir and bustle and cessation of employment which happen when the man who carries the greasy old stage of Mr. Punch halts at a favorable "pitch," and begins to drop the green baize behind which he is to play the oftenest-performed serio-comic drama in the world. The milkwoman stops on her rounds; the baker deliberately unshoulders his load; the newsboy (never at a loss for a passage of amusement on his journey) forgets that he is bearer of the "special edition;" the policeman halts on his beat, while the pipes are tuning, and the wooden actors are being made ready within, and dog Toby is staring sadly round upon the mob. We have all confessed to the indefinable witchery of the heartless rogue of the merry eye and ruby nose, whose career—so far as we are permitted to know it—is an unbroken round of facetious brutalities. Wife-beating is second nature to him. To be sure, Judy does not look all that man can desire in the partner of his bosom. The dog, indeed, makes the best appearance, and is the most reputable member of this notorious family.

Yet how would a "goody" Punch and Judy succeed? Make the Mr. Punch of the street corner the high-minded, amiable, distinguished, and elegant gentleman we have known so many years in Fleet Street. Turn him into a sounding moralist, and give a serious purpose to his shrill voice. Gift his wooden tongue with the unsleeping wit of Shirley Brooks. I believe the milkmaid would hook her pails at the first passage of the play; the newsboy would deliver the special edition forthwith.

"ON NE BADINE PAS AVEC L'AMOUR."

Through the June woods, in aimless fancies lost,
With ling'ring steps and slow, a maiden strayed;
The darting sunbeams their light lances crossed,
And in a shifting halo round her played.

The leaves' soft shadows flecked her golden hair,
And lent a mystery to her downcast eyes;
Flushed with her presence seemed the happy air,
And tremulous with unseen lovers' sighs.

Lo! in her path she saw a little child,
Couched like a flower among the mosses deep,
Weary with wand'ring through the woodlands wild,
And nestled fast in warm and rosy sleep.

The maiden's cry, half joy and half alarm,
Did not disturb the depth of his repose;
She knelt, and touched the dimples of his arm
With fingers soft as petals of a rose.

Nor stirred he then, but a resistless power,
A still attraction, drew her face toward his,
Till—light as touch of butterfly on flower—
Her smiling lips just brushed his in a kiss.

Wide open shone his eyes; his sudden smile
Turned her bright mirth into a blissful pain;
He sprang erect, full-statured, and the while
His wings waved white as sunlight shot with rain.

His conquering eyes fill all the place with light;
She fain would fly, but still they hold her fast;
Trembling, enraptured, tortured by his might,
She owns the god, and feels his power at last.

Ah, maidens, fancy-free and gay of heart,
Beware of Love when most ye feel secure!
Ill fares the maid that trifles with his dart,
"Car on ne badine pas avec l'Amour."

THE JACK OF HEARTS.

The Jack of Hearts! Whenever I hear these words my thoughts wander back to one sunny May-day, when Clara Bell came on board the bark of that name, of which craft I was the proud commander.

It was my first voyage as captain, and we were bound for Santa Cruz, *via* Porto Rico. The *Clara Bell* was not a passenger ship, but a regular West Indian sugar drogher, and I was much surprised when the owners informed me that I would have to take charge of two ladies, who were to be landed at Porto Rico. As may be imagined, I did my best to make the cabin as pleasant-looking as possible—bought a canary, a melodeon, and a dozen or two of flowering plants, and prepared my officers for the occasion. Mr. Winke, my chief mate, had a weakness for extreme undress, and preferred dining without the incumbrances of coat and vest, while Bill Hoffman, the second mate, had a penchant for eating his meals standing in the steward's pantry, or on the break of the poop, exposed *al fresco* to the hungry gaze of the crew. With ladies on board, these eccentricities had to be abandoned; and when the time arrived for our passengers to embark, Mr. Winke and Mr. William Hoffman, arrayed in the tightest and most uncomfortable suits of navy blue, were at the gangway to receive them. Unfortunately but one lady made her appearance. I say this because had our charming passenger been accompanied by her aunt, as was first intended, I should not have been so long a deluded, blind, conceited son of the sea.

The lady was introduced by one of the owners, Mr. John Shooks, of the firm of Bell, Shooks, & Alewife. He was a thin, nervous New Englander, and after landing her upon the deck, said, "Captain, 'low me to introduce you to Miss Clara Bell!" and then left the ship as though it were infected.

Now my father, who is an old sea-captain, had come all the way from New Bedford to see me off, and was sitting in the cabin when Miss Bell tripped aft. I noticed that he seemed somewhat disconcerted, and when I had introduced my passenger to him, and sent for the colored stewardess whom I had shipped for the voyage, he motioned me to go on deck.

The lady begged that I would not trouble about her, but attend to my father, adding, "You and I will have plenty of time to talk during the voyage."

Upon reaching the poop my father seated himself by the binnacle, and thus addressed me: "Ned, you are about to make your first voyage as master, and to take charge of a lady passenger. Now mark my words: she will set her cap at you. I don't mean to say that she isn't about as pretty as they make 'em, but, my son, keep your weather eye open, or she'll fool you! God bless you, lad—good-by!"

Then, with a last warning shake of the head and tender grasp, my worthy father quitted the ship.

In another hour we were running before a fresh breeze, and my passenger was—invisible.

Two days passed, and on the third the stewardess informed me, "De lady passenger waants to see you, cap-tain!"

I told the gorgeous female, who was dressed in a bright pink muslin gown trimmed with blue, that I would be at the lady's service in a few moments, and then prepared myself for the encounter. My passenger was sitting upon the sofa, and at the first glance all my resolutions vanished. I felt inclined to throw myself at her feet, and make a complete idiot of myself in action as well as thought; but I didn't do it.

"Good-morning, Miss Bell!"

"Good-morning, captain," reaching out her pretty little hand, and exhibiting—oh! such a perfect arm!

I am afraid that I seemed very sheepish. I know I felt so, and began to look out off the stern port. The lady was quite cool, and went on with her embroidery in a most persevering manner. At last I stammered out,

"Are you quite well now, Miss Bell?"

"Oh, dear me, yes, captain; but I have one favor to beg of you—please don't call me *Miss* Bell: all my friends call me Clara, and as you are to be my guardian until we reach Porto Rico, we may as well be friends from the first. You will kindly not call me miss!"

Ah, I thought, you *are* setting your cap at me, just as my father predicted; but then she did it so naïvely, and I felt so flattered, that I threw paternal advice to the winds, and, figuratively speaking, stepped past "the point of caution," and was floundering among the "rapids" ere I knew where I was. Before dinner-time I was—gone.

"For whom are you making that ornament, Miss—pardon me—Clara?" I respectfully inquired, glancing toward a sort of band which she was embroidering.

"For *my* Jack, captain."

"How old is he?" I insinuated.

"Oh, dear Jack says that he's quite a puppy yet," she replied. "He's a Porto Rico poodle!"

"Oh!" I gasped, beginning to conjure up a rival—"a dog?"

"Yes, captain; but why did you inquire in so grave a manner?"

The words were on my lips, "Clara—" but fancying that I detected a slight tinge of sarcasm in her voice, I merely replied, "Oh, I didn't mean any thing."

"I'm glad of that," answered the lady, "because I want you to thoroughly understand me."

She fixed her glorious eyes upon me as she spoke, and—I felt worse than ever. I saw it all at a glance: sent to New York in order to finish her education; been cooped up in a genteel seminary; no congenial society; vacations spent with old Bell, who was probably her uncle; now I—freedom—gallant sailor, etc., etc.

I soon got through the "rapids," and on the fourteenth day went "clean over the falls."

She told me all about her family—her father and mother, brother Jack, cousin Jack, dear Jack, and my Jack; and I quite understood why she had named her poodle Jack; but in our delicious game of—whist-flirtation I cared little about her playing four knaves, as I thought that I held the rest of the honors, including the queen of hearts. I did not play euchre in those days.

Jack did this—drove her here—wrote her all the news—was perfectly frantic because she could not return sooner—had the distemper—was in favor of emancipation—didn't smoke—had been run over by dear Jack—twice bitten brother Jack, and once saved from punishment by cousin Jack!

What cared I which knave was being played, so long as I could be near this lovely creature and listen to the merry rattle of her musical voice! I never troubled myself about which Jack she was referring to; for aught I knew she might have told me *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Jack the Giant-killer*, or any other equally absurd nonsense. All I saw was her glorious beauty and beaming smile, and felt that I was—well, I felt convinced that I had made a deep impression.

It was upon a moonlight night that I "went over the falls," after this fashion.

With all her frankness of manner, Clara was not in the most remote degree unlady-like or forward. She was what all women should be with our sex—while accepting our respectful services without restraint, perfectly equal, but, withal, never overstepping a certain line, even when admitting us to what men call "good-fellowship."

Of course, in my youthful egotism, I blinded myself to all this: worshiped her, shut my eyes, and—over I went.

She was looking at the moon, and telling me a quaint conceit about its inhabitants, while I was gazing upon her sweet face, and burning for the moment to arrive when I could tell her how devotedly I loved her. She pictured a lunar Arcadia, and had mentally taken me by the hand and wandered through its blissful scenes—an angel introducing the spirit of a lunatic to his proper world.

Now, upon my honor, beyond the freedom of trust with which she had from the first moment treated me, I can most truly say that Clara Bell had never given me any reason to believe that she was in love with me. I was a young, impetuous sailor; she a woman accustomed to being honored and petted by a large circle of friends, and who, remembering my profession, had treated me as a brother.

I am not fond of confessing my sins and weaknesses, but do this as a warning to other nautical idiots.

"Clara!" I tremblingly began. She turned from me, and endeavored to withdraw her hand, which I had imprisoned as I uttered her name. "Clara!"

No reply—and upon my life, although I had uttered it in a whisper, the name seemed to mockingly echo back from the gloom. However, I felt her tremble.

"Clara—my dear Miss Bell" (I was on the edge of the fall), "I am not used to describing my ordinary feelings, and *these* are too deep for utterance—but from the core of my heart I love you!" I was over the brink.

"Captain!" she exclaimed. This was a quencher.

"Miss Bell?" I faltered.

"Will you do me a favor?" she said.

Now or never, thought I. "I'd *die* to—to—"

"You stupid man!" she laughed, "have I given you any reason why you should thus address me?"

"Miss Bell," I humbly replied, "most sincerely do I beg pardon for my presumption!"

Turning her laughing face full upon me, she said, "Captain, I am not angry with you, but beg that you will never revert to this again until we arrive at Porto Rico, and then you must tell dear Jack all about it. I am not angry, for you have shown yourself in every other way a true friend and gentleman. I completely forgive this weakness on your part, and only beg you will promise me that when we meet dear Jack you will ask him if he will agree to what you wish!"

I was floundering about in the "boil" at the foot of the mental Niagara, and she had by her womanly tact, as it were, fished me out and landed me.

"But to which Jack am I to confess?" I cried, beginning to treat the matter as a joke—serious enough to me, for I feel the wound to this day. "Not to the poodle, surely?"

"To the first Jack who comes on board upon our arrival off Porto Rico!" replied the lady, holding out her hand. "Good-night, Captain G——."

I escorted her to the companion-way, and then returned to my seat.

I did not feel any great amount of self-conceit just then; in fact, had a wave washed me off the poop at that moment, I should not have tried to return to the ship. I had no doubt but that she was engaged to some fellow—a mere mass of—well, not any thing like myself. (Self-conceit rapidly returning.) In fact, when I thought the matter over, I came to the conclusion that this charming, lovely, divine, superb, elegant, bewitching young lady had been making fun of me, and that she really was in love with some narrow-chested, vapid, weak-constituted Porto Rican. (Self-conceit quite recovered.)

I really began to pity her, and thought that my dear, bluff old father was a second Solomon. But why had she set her cap at me? I supposed it was—well, I know better now.

We arrived off Porto Rico about daybreak the next morning, and as I gave the word, "Let go the anchor!" Clara came up and saluted me as cheerfully as though I had never confessed to her the real state of my affections.

I couldn't help worshiping her still—quietly, of course—and her dress finished the matter. I lent her my binocular, and she rested it on my shoulder as though I had never "gone over the falls."

"There he is!" she cried, almost dropping my telescope in her excitement. "Oh, they have shaved half of his body! and dear Jack, he is looking at me!" Here she kissed her hand to something in the boat, then grasped mine, and said, "Don't you forget, Captain G——!"

Six-foot brother! I thought, as the boat swept alongside; but cousin Jack and brother Jack were, one after the other, recognized and kissed to in pantomime; and I began to wonder which of the knaves would be her trump card. They were all tall, handsome, and any thing but the puny creatures of my imagination.

Jack number one, with the poodle, climbed up the side, and, running aft, caught Clara in his arms, while she laughed and cried by turns, patting his brown face and saying,

"Dear Jack! oh, dear Jack!"

The poodle sniffed round me as though half afraid that I was a weak, self-conceited young skipper, who ought not to be noticed; but soon brother Jack and cousin Jack came tearing aft, and then the brave little woman—*Miss* Clara Bell—told them all how good I had been to her, and—

"To which Jack am I to confess?" I ruefully inquired, knowing that either manly fellow would be a lenient judge.

"To dear Jack!" she laughed; "but wait a moment. When Mr. Shooks introduced you, what did you think he said?"

"*Miss* Clara Bell!" I answered, becoming wiser every moment.

"Dear old Shooks! he always pronounces the word Mrs. as *Miss*, and that was how you became confused; but now you see I am Mrs. Clara Bell, and I admit to having kept up the joke; but before dear Jack I ask you to forgive me, my very good friend G——!"

All the Jacks had smothered her with caresses, and "my Jack" was in her arms.

"My friends!" I said, noticing that they understood the joke, "will one of you be kind enough to point out *dear Jack* to me?"

Mrs. Bell advanced, and placing the hand she had most tenderly caressed in mine, merrily looked me in the face, and said,

"Captain G——, allow me to introduce to you dear Jack—the Jack of Hearts—my husband!"